HARRY M. DICKINSON

THE MASTER OF REPARTEE

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, LL.D.

THE MASTER OF REPARTEE

AND OTHER PREACHMENTS LONG AND SHORT

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY IN THE GREAT WEST," "GETHSEMANE AND AFTER," "THE LOVE TEST," "THE CHALICE OF COURAGE," "AMERICAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS," ETC., ETC.

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ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,

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who have borne with these sermons and addresses

AND THEIR WRITER

so often and so cheerfully

PREFACE

I DO not often write what I have to say. These writings that follow have been carefully prepared for special occasions and opportunities when I preferred to have what I wanted to say set down before me in black and white. Many of these sermons, addresses, and lectures have been published in papers and magazines in different parts of the country; as *The Living Church, The New York Herald, The Chicago Record-Herald, The Christian Herald, The Kansas City Churchman,* and many others. And they are all sermons that have been preached—some of them many times—and which are intended to be preached; even the little ones in Part Four, which may commend themselves to the average congregation by their brevity if nothing more.

May whosoever reads them get some good, some help, some inspiration out of them. If that prayer be granted in any degree I shall be both happy and satisfied.

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

The Rectory of St. George's Church,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
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THE MASTER OF REPARTEE

PART · ONE

THE MASTER OF REPARTEE

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to weep, and a time to laugh.—ECCLESIASTES iii, 1 and 4.

A MAN, says one writer in despair at the futility of his own efforts, must have a poor conception of wit if he attempt to define it. Yet I scarcely believe that there are any other words about which so much has been written, and for the definition of which so many attempts have been made, as wit and humour. I have examined several hundred efforts in perhaps two score essays, and have found so wide a divergence therein, that the result at first seems a witless confusion. Yet by careful collation I find some ideas about which there is a certain agreement.

Wit is more definitely related to the intellect; humour to the emotions. Wit is an efflorescence of the mind; humour a quality of the soul. Wit the product of art and fancy; humour the growth of nature and accident. Wit may be studied; humour is always natural. Wit may be pungent and exacerbating; humour is balmy and ameli-

orating. Wit may be bitter and aggressive; humour is genial and kindly. Humour laughs with men, wit laughs at men. Wit is sometimes the result of toil; humour, like the quality of mercy, is not strain'd. Also "it is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Wit is born of the intellect and imagination; humour is an innate quality of being without which intercourse loses its savour, friendship its tenderness, and love its peace. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, no hard and fast line can be drawn between them. Gladstone professed to be unable to distinguish one from the other. The highest wit should partake of the gentle quality of humour. Wit when sweetened by love becometh humour.

It has been pithily observed that a man may be without a sense of humour and yet be a great man, as a poet like Milton or a soldier like Cromwell—but such a one will be a very poor table companion. No one should deny to these two a certain wit. Chesterfield said that true wit never made any one laugh. Your jesters abroad are ever melancholy at home. After reading all the essays on this subject my prevailing sensation is one of depression!

"I've laughed to hide the tear I shed,
As,—when the Jester's bosom swells,

And mournfully he shakes his head,—
We hear the jingling of his bells."

So says Locker.

There are several different forms of wit and humour which are generally classed together; as the play upon words, that is the pun, the paronomasia or the parody; the epigram and the retort, or the repartee. Some famous instances of the witty and humorous combine all these. When some one asked the great Wilberforce which is the way to Heaven, he replied, "Turn to the right and keep straight ahead." This was undoubtedly an epigram, a play on words, and a repartee, and with all these things a moral maxim of high value.

A brilliant example of a play upon words—which is not altogether to be despised because it is described as the lowest form of wit and humour—is the famous despatch of the soldier who conducted an expedition to Scinde, and, following Cæsar in brevity, announced the result of the campaign in one word, "Peccavi"—I have sinned!

It is said that among thousands of epigrams not over five hundred are good, and of these not fifty are of the first order. Here is witty Rochester's satirical reference to Charles II.:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on:
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one!"

The retort to this is not so well known, but quite as well worth preserving.

"True," said the easy-going monarch. "My sayings are my own, my deeds are my ministers'!"

The Romans are credited with having written more of the good epigrams than any one else. This is an ancient and somewhat ungallant description of a woman:

"Bright as the sun, and, as the morning, fair;
Such Chloe is—but common as the air."

To show that we moderns are not behind the past this illustration of the epigram I excerpt from the pages of our own wise and witty Lowell:

"We wagered, she for sunshine, I for rain,
And I should hint sharp practice if I dared;
For was not she beforehand sure to gain
Who made the sunshine we together shared?"

Man has been defined as a cooking animal—perhaps it were better to use the definite article—and it is undeniable that the cooks play a large part in our civilisation as well as with our di-

gestions, consequently with our humour. Another definition, and a better, is that he is a laughing animal. It is possibly by his power to laugh that he is differentiated from the rest of creation. Although I believe that the hyæna is popularly credited with laughing, and there is also a little bird sadly misnamed the Laughing-Jackass, neither of these animals can be said to be humorous.

Wit and humour are very old. It was Solomon who said,

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

The joke of yesterday is the jest of to-day, and was the subject of laughter when Adam delved and Eve span. Mark Twain professes, I believe, to have found the original of his famous "Jumping Frog" story in a Bœotian tale.

Repartee is, I take it, the highest form of wit when it is associated with humour. When it has sympathy for the seamy side of life, when it takes the shortcomings of our fellow creatures cheerfully, and its appositeness is surpassed only by its kindness, it certainly touches the high mark of that quality which is the sunshine of the soul.

Repartee, which is the answer of a thrust to a thrust and which comes from an old French word, to part or to divide again—perhaps as with a blade or perhaps in the sense of explaining —is described as a witty or humorous answer which surpasses a similar attack in both of these qualities.

It is of course unstudied and unpremeditated. Says Molière "the impromptu reply is the touchstone of wit." Men say finer things than they write. The collision of mind with mind strikes sparks which are brighter than the most luminous printer's ink. It is the brilliancy of an adequate reply to an unexpected attack, the resourcefulness of a man taken at a disadvantage, that charms in the parry and thrust of the social duel. Repartee is to conversation what the riposte is to a passage at arms.

A retort is a sharp answer from which the mellowing influence of kindness is generally absent. It does not rise to the dignity of repartee. In the pages of gossipy chroniclers there are many brilliant instances of retort and repartee, usually with a touch of witty bitterness. Here is one which I have never seen in print, and as it bears equally hard on Jew and Gentile, I may be permitted to declare it.

An Archbishop of the Roman Church and an

eminent Jewish Rabbi were dining together at some public function. Said the Archbishop gently but with a spice of malice to his Hebrew friend, "When, my dear Rabbi, may I have the pleasure of helping you to some of this fine old Virginia ham?" "On your Grace's wedding day," was the retort of the witty Jew.

Doctors Morsell and Frost were two eminent prelates of the Episcopal Church. Despite warm personal friendship they were frequently at odds on public questions. One day Dr. Frost concluded an attack against some measure which Mr. Morsell was advocating with these words from the 147th Psalm:* "He casteth forth his ice like Morsels!" Quick as a flash his opponent was on his feet with the remark, "And who is able to abide his Frost?"

Caustic and bitter was the answer of the famous Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was asked at a northern dining table at the close of the war, by a person who had more effrontery than courtesy, how the South felt after being licked by the North. "Like Lazarus," was the quick reply, and when pressed for an explanation, this followed: "He was licked by dogs, sir."

Two of Charles Lamb's happiest retorts will bear repetition.

* Prayer Book Version.

"Did you ever hear me preach, Charles?" asked Coleridge.

"I—I—never heard you do anything else," replied the gentle stammerer.

And when Wordsworth affirmed that he did not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare if he had a mind to do it, the India House philosopher agreed that in his case,

"There was nothing lacking but the mind."

In no better way could the didactic quality of the one and the conceit of the other poet have been hit off in so few words. But these answers could scarcely have been agreeable to the gentlemen in question.

Of as high an order of wit and certainly of a more genial humour was this introduction by Henry IV. of France of one of his devoted followers:

"Gentlemen, the Maréchal de Biron, whom I present alike to my enemies and my friends."

Pleasant as it would be to do so, I shall not continue to give you illustrations of this character, but I pass on to the reverent discussion of my subject, the astonishing quality of the repartee of Jesus Christ. There is a tremendous gravity about the character and career of that

supreme Man. Let me say that I am not now speaking theologically on the subject, but am only paying tribute to the moral excellence and the high quality of that Personality. Some of us see more than glorified humanity in Him; none of us, I believe, see less. There is so much tragedy in His life, He is so intensely acquainted with trouble, so associated with our own anxieties and griefs, so often depicted as a Man of sorrows, that we are almost shocked by any suggestion that He had a sense of humour.

But joy and sorrow are as near akin as the ridiculous and the sublime. Masters of pathos have always been endowed with humour.

> "There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its Chord in Melancholy,"

writes Hood, no mean illustration of the fact.

Who can say which moves us most, the humour or the pathos of Dickens? If Shakespeare gave us Lear and Hamlet and Ophelia he also introduced us to Falstaff and Malvolio and Bottom. So grave and serious a man as the logical Paul did not disdain a jest.

Why should not Jesus Christ, who was so well acquainted with grief, be also possessed of humour? And can any one deny wit and wisdom of the highest order to Him?

As I said, I have examined two score of essays and articles on wit and humour that have been written in the last half century and many books as well, and there is not one of them which so much as mentions Him of Nazareth as an exemplar of any of these qualities. Surely some of these essayists must have read the Bible. What they have set forth in their works shows their wide acquaintance with other literature. Of all literatures, that of the old Book is the chiefest. No man can consider himself cultured, nay, scarcely even educated, if he be not familiar with it. But none of the annalists of the subject makes the slightest effort to point out the existence of both wit and humour in the Bible and in its great Protagonist.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in one of his charming essayettes deplores the absence of a Beatitude on humour and he makes a suggestion that perhaps there is humour in some of those that we have, although we are not sufficiently *en rapport* with the time, place, and mental attitude of the day to appreciate it, but which it may be some day we shall understand. Be that as it may, I am one of those that believe—perhaps I am one of the few that believe—that Jesus of Nazareth possessed both wit and humour; that He sometimes played upon words; that He often used

contrasts in illustration which were undoubtedly humorous and which produced merriment among His hearers; that He employed irony, sarcasm, and raillery in His discourses, and that the brilliance of His repartee has never been equalled. It is true we are never told that He laughed, but that is no more a reason for denying Him occasional laughter, than the fact that we have been told once and only once that He wept, is a reason for ascribing to Him continual tears.

However most of us may think of Him, we must never lose sight of the completeness of His manhood. He was as we are save without sin. He united a scholar's learning with a child's innocence, a brilliant wit with a loving-kindness even more striking. He combined the inflexibility of justice with the gentleness of mercy; the woman's tender heart with the man's heroic soul. He was all things that a man should be to be all man. We call Him perfect man. Is there such without wit, humour, laughter?

Again and again He disassociated Himself from the austere schools of His time. It was His habit to mingle freely with the people; He was often the guest at places where laughter, jest, and song were the order of the day, and you may be sure He was too fine a gentleman,

too generous, too sympathetic, too considerate a man to have obtruded any personal sadness of countenance or solemnity of mood upon the merriment which we have a right to believe He enjoyed and in which He naturally participated. He was sometimes about His business of saving man by showing him how to enjoy life rationally. He loved to be in the society of children, and, as a man could, probably joined them in their games and play. When He wanted to describe the joy of His Father over a lost soul that was saved, He likened it to the exuberant merriment—music and dancing!—with which the father and his household greeted the return of the immortal prodigal. When He instructed His disciples to be happy in the midst of their tribulations, He bade them leap with joy. Were they to leap with joy with sad faces? Some of His sayings like that can be explained only by postulating the humorous. They are in the very nature of things absurd without it. Was there not irony in the simile of the camel and the needle's eye? What do you think of His pleasant sarcasm in bidding His hearers, who were all Jews, to take no thought for to-morrow, as that was the distinguishing characteristic of the Gentiles! I can almost hear the ripple of laughter that swept through His audience when

He made that pertinent remark about the beam and the mote in the eye.

His teachings abound with proverbs and epigrams.

"They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into a pit."

In the original language of His speech there are many plays upon words also which are lost in translation. Some of His short addresses were exquisite specimens of poetic measure. His most dear companion was the beloved disciple John, whose fiery energy caused him to be surnamed "A Son of Thunder." If Jesus found in him a congenial spirit, He, too, possibly manifested the same qualities. We know He did. He sometimes used the scourge and laid it on heavily. Why then should we deny Him the gift and the grace of laughter—the alleviating quality of humanity?

In Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's last volume upon Orthodoxy, this that follows shows Jesus in an appreciative way:

"Joy, which was the small publicity of the pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian. . . . The tremendous figure which fills the Gospels towers in this respect, as in every other, above

all the thinkers who ever thought themselves tall. His pathos was natural, almost casual. The Stoics, ancient and modern, were proud of concealing their tears. He never concealed His tears; He showed them plainly on His open face at any daily sight, such as the far sight of His native city. Yet He concealed something. Solemn supermen and imperial diplomatists are proud of restraining their anger. He never restrained His anger. He flung furniture down the front steps of the Temple, and asked men how they expected to escape the damnation of Hell. Yet He restrained something. I say it with reverence; there was in that shattering personality a thread that must be called shyness. There was something that He hid from all men when He went up a mountain to pray. There was something that He covered constantly by abrupt silence or impetuous isolation. There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth."

In one thing I must differ from the brilliant essayist. He did not hide from us His mirth, His biographers, perhaps unconsciously, did that for Him. It was their suppression, not His repression. Of old the followers of the gentle St. Francis of Assisi were known as *joculatores domini,* and like them the original disciples of Christ appear to have been possessed of a vivacity

and cheerfulness which was in complete contrast with the austerity of their Pharisaic contemporaries, and was equally opposed to the asceticism of the Middle Ages. I might go further into the matter, but these are a few of the facts upon which I have based my belief that Our Lord Jesus Christ thought it not unworthy of Himself to laugh with those that laughed.

Certainly, however these matters may be considered there is no question as to the quality of His repartee. He was surrounded by the most subtle and brilliant casuists of the time. He and His race were enmeshed in an almost limitless expansion and development of the law of Moses. It was well-nigh impossible for a man to steer a straight course through the intricacies and variations of the ancient law, as it had been amplified in detail, when face to face with the requirements of an every-day situation.

It is also a mistake to suppose that Jesus Christ was at all times hated by His people. At the first He was popular and I believe would have continued popoular to the last had not His antagonists cleverly succeeded in alienating the affections and stirring up the animosities of the crowd on political grounds. There were times when the authorities were not sufficiently sure of the indifference of the people to dare to arrest

Him. Perhaps also the gentle Nazarene had not sufficiently aroused them to a sense of His own importance and the consequences to them of His teaching.

In such a condition it was natural that by the exercise of their wits they should seek to discredit Him. Numberless times they sought to confuse Him. They asked Him questions that they might entangle Him in His speech. They attempted to entrap Him by matching the keenest of their pundits against Him and by striving to involve Him in a maze of contradiction. The methods He used to extricate Himself from these dilemmas were dignified, adequate, and without bitterness always. There was no rancour in His speech. A study of His conduct in these situations ought to be of value to every teacher who may be sorely tried by the hard questions springing innocently from immature minds. I have had experience with six little interrogation points of my own—to say nothing of hundreds in different parishes—and I speak that I do know.

I have gathered together and now submit to your judgment some of the most conspicuous of the repartees of Jesus.* Let us first see how He

*Strictly speaking the element of humour is absent from some of these citations, but the answers are so apt, so

dealt in the case of three women, two of whom were grievous sinners. One had been caught in a heinous offence against morals, the punishment for which by Mosaic law was death by stoning. The Israelites had wandered far from the strict application of these and other Mosaic laws. It is certain that no attempt was made to inflict this awful punishment upon the guilty. The practice had long since been abandoned. Yet the law and the culprit were both before Jesus at this time. Should He say that the law was of no effect and that the culprit should go free? Should He demand that the law be enforced and that the people stone the culprit? Like other people the Israelites were scrupulous in their desire to maintain the dignity of the law without in the least degree attempting to enforce it. They, like the Americans, seemed to have unwritten laws that were held in higher esteem than those that were recorded. I have set forth what took place in dialogue form, as it should be written to be apprehended:

PHARISEES.

Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law com-

able, so quick, so ingenious that they properly belong in this essay.

manded us, that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?

Jesus stoops down and writes on the ground as though He heard them not.

SCRIBES.

Master, shall we stone this woman?

PHARISEES.

Thus saith Moses in the law.

SCRIBES.

What sayest thou?

JESUS.

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

Again He stoops down and writes on the ground. One by one the Scribes and Pharisees depart, slinking away leaving the Master and the woman alone. He turns to her.

JESUS.

Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?

WOMAN.

No man, Lord.

JESUS.

Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

Is there anything more complete, more satisfactory in the whole range of literature than that? He upheld at once the dignity and integrity of the law and at the same time showed a mercy it did not contemplate. Mark the brilliancy with which, after they had put the question to Him, He forced them to decide what they had asked Him to determine.

Once more there came to Him when He was dining—possibly not as a very welcome guest—in the house of Simon, a rich Pharisee, another woman who was a sinner. Availing herself of the privilege of the East, she mingled with the crowd of spectators at the banquet and, watching her opportunity, stepped to the feet of Jesus, who reclined on a couch as was the fashion of the day, with His head to the table, and broke over them an alabaster box of ointment. After anointing His feet, she washed them with her tears, kissed them, and dried them with the hairs of her head. Simon observes this action and reflects in his heart as follows:

SIMON

(aside).

This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.

JESUS

(divining what passes in His host's mind).

Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.

SIMON.

Master, say on.

JESUS.

There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?

SIMON

(reluctantly).

I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.

JESUS.

Thou hast rightly judged. (He points to the woman shrinking in the background.) *Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I*

say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. (He turns to the woman and addressing her directly continues) *Thy sins are forgiven.*

GUESTS AT THE FEAST

(wonderingly).

Who is this that forgiveth sins?

JESUS

(to the woman who has knelt at His feet again in worshipping adoration).

Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

Again it is Simon who answers his own question. Jesus admits all that is charged against the woman. He braves the ceremonial pollution of her touch that her soul may be saved and at the same time He gently rebukes that inhospitality which was so foreign to the people among whom He lived.

Once more we come to a striking little dialogue between Him and a woman who was not a sinner as the others had been. But she was a Phenician, a stranger to Judea, a Canaanite, one of an abhorred race, and she prayed Him to heal one she loved.

SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN

(in a loud voice).

Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.

DISCIPLES

(as Jesus makes no reply).

Send her away, Master, for she crieth after us.

JESUS

(to the woman).

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN

(worshipping Him).

Lord, help me.

JESUS.

It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs.

SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables.

JESUS.

O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

Observe this well, for it is the one solitary instance in which any one got the better of our Lord in repartee. He certainly must have intended it so. He must have known how it would result and He must have taken His position for our instruction. This, too, seems to be the only case in which there was any suggestion of harshness in the Nazarene's reply, but the brilliant woman would not be denied.

There are many, many instances on record of the acuteness of the Jewish people. One especially splendid example of high class and continuous repartee is found in the story of the man born blind, whose sight Jesus restored, and who was so closely questioned by the rulers, which is written in the ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel. I do not quote it here since it is not germane to my undertaking in this paper.

The Sadducees and the Pharisees repeatedly sought to test our Lord. Here is the brief account of one such trial.

A Certain Lawyer.

Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

Jesus.

What is written in the law? how readest thou?

LAWYER.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

JESUS.

Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

LAWYER

(willing to justify himself).

And who is my neighbour?

JESUS.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto

him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

LAWYER.

He that showed mercy on him.

JESUS.

Go, and do thou likewise.

In this connection I am reminded of another epigram. Some one, I think it was Sidney Smith, remarked that we were always able to find people ready enough to act the Good Samaritan *without the wine, the oil, and the two pence!*

Sometimes the method of Jesus was to meet question with question, as for instance:

CHIEF PRIESTS.

By what authority doest thou these things?

ELDERS.

Who gave thee this authority to teach the people?

JESUS.

I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what authority

I do these things. The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men?

CHIEF PRIESTS

(drawing aside with the Elders).

What shall we answer?

ELDERS.

It was from heaven.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Nay, but he will say unto us, Why did ye not believe him then? It were better to say it were of men.

ELDERS.

Nay, that we cannot say for fear of the people, who hold John as a prophet.

They consult together a moment and then shamefacedly turn to Jesus.

SCRIBES AND ELDERS.

We cannot tell.

JESUS.

Neither do I tell you by what authority I do these things.

With that crushing reply the discussion of that subject abruptly terminated.

Again the Nazarene carried the war into the enemy's country by a question like this:

JESUS

(to the Pharisees).

What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?

PHARISEES.

The son of David.

JESUS.

How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?

The subtlety of the little interchange that follows demands some explanation. The Sadducees had no belief in a Resurrection. Since they doubted or denied the possibility, their question was purely academic. No one is compelled to answer that kind of a question and a judge is not required to decide hypothetical cases, but Jesus saw an opportunity not merely to answer their question but to convince them out of the law itself, which they venerated, of the truth of that which they doubted. The brilliancy of the answer left them completely discomfited with nothing to say, and even wrung an expression of approval from one of the bystanders.

SADDUCEES.

Master, Moses wrote unto us, If any man's brother die, having a wife, and he die without children, that his brother should take his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. There were therefore seven brethren: and the first took a wife, and died without children. And the second took her to wife, and he died childless. And the third took her; and in like manner the seven also: and they left no children, and died. Last of all the woman died also. Therefore in the resurrection whose wife of them is she? for seven had her to wife.

JESUS.

The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him.

A SCRIBE

(standing by).

Master, thou hast said well.

Once again, while this is scarcely repartee, I give it because the intellectual quality of Jesus Christ's mind is so brilliantly brought out in His answer to the intensely hard question, for who should decide the relative importance of commandments all of which were received from God?

A Scribe.

Master, which is the first commandment of all?

Jesus.

The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

Scribe.

Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

JESUS.

Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.

Is there not also in that last retort a touch of irony? Was the man who asked the question far from the kingdom of God? Did he appreciate the brilliancy and intellectual quality of the reply merely, or was the truth in the answer and his own comment born of a living appreciation?—I wonder.

Again what could be more intellectually satisfying than the discussion with Satan which took place at the outset of our Lord's career.

SATAN

(in the wilderness).

If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

JESUS.

It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

SATAN

(on a pinnacle of the temple).

If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall

bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

JESUS.

It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

SATAN

(on an exceeding high mountain whence are seen all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them).

All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

JESUS.

Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

The Devil could quote Scripture for a purpose, and it is certainly better to fight him with Scripture, which he misquoted, than to fight him with fire, as the saying goes.

The Sadducees and the Pharisees united sometimes against Jesus, as witness the following:

PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

Master, show us a sign from heaven.

JESUS.

When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morn-

ing, It will be foul weather today: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky: but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

I have reserved, for the last of the selections I chose to lay before you, that which is the most brilliant, if not the most touching, of them all. You must understand that the Jews constantly and persistently refused to acknowledge in their hearts the legitimacy of the rule of the Herods and their overlords, the Roman Cæsars. They were compelled by exigencies which they could not control to accept the *de facto* conditions. They never accepted the situation *de jure*. They cherished constantly as a people a hatred against the Idumeans and the Romans and their antagonism broke out again and again in bloody riots. Of all the provinces over which Rome held sway, Judea was the most troublesome and turbulent.

The long and shameful persecution of the Jews by the Christians of the world since Christ's time has rendered them more or less helpless. Every man's hand has been against them and they have been oppressed with brutal, ruthless severity by all peoples and nations. The Jew has borne this meekly because he has had to bear it, but the Jews of old belonged to one of

the fiercest, bravest, and most heroic nations of the world. We have forgotten that, but it is true. The last great revolt of the Jews against the Romans, upon which they staked their lives and their national existence, was finally subdued by the Romans, but not until the hills surrounding Jerusalem had been stripped of their trees for crosses upon which to crucify the captives. The city was never surrendered. It was taken by assault, after the most fearful siege perhaps in all history, and razed to the ground.

Now if Jesus could be brought by any questioning to acknowledge the justice of the supremacy of Cæsar He would instantly and forever lose all credit with the people, who, their easy passions thus aroused, might even be brought to murder Him. On the other hand if He questioned the authority of the Herods and especially of Rome, the Herodians and Romanised Jews would instantly have reported it to the authorities, and the powers that be would have given Him short shrift indeed. The dilemma was a fearful one. Death seemed to stare at Jesus from either horn. Note also that a common hatred brought the loyal Hebrews into temporary association with the temporising traitors who had gone over to Rome!

The acuteness of the questioners is amazing.

In one instant they sought to remove Him from further consideration by impaling Him either on the one point or on the other. Either the people or the government would tear Him to pieces. Law, written and unwritten, armed alike to condemn Him. Between Pontius Pilate and the mob what could He expect? As a matter of fact, both of them later on condemned Him, but His hour was not yet come. We shall see with what perfect dignity, yet without the slightest ambiguity, He extricated Himself from the cunningly devised trap. So much so that after it was over they marvelled and left Him and went their way, as so many men since then have been doing.

A Leader of the Pharisees

(consulting with his followers).

How then shall we destroy His power with the people?

Second Pharisee.

Let us entangle Him in His talk.

Third Pharisee.

Seest thou yonder followers of Herod and of Rome?

FIRST PHARISEE.

I see them.

THIRD PHARISEE.

Go, call them hither; I have a plan.

CHORUS OF PHARISEES

(as one summons a little group of Romanised Jews).

Declare it to us.

THIRD PHARISEE.

Wait. (He turns to the Herodians approaching.) *We think not alike, ye serve the Governor the servant of Cæsar, but alike we hate the Nazarene. Let us try Him with the question of giving tribute. If He say, Yea, He shall offend the people, if He say, Nay, He shall offend the Governor.*

THE LEADER OF THE HERODIANS.

We are with thee in this in whatever thy wit can compass.

THIRD PHARISEE.

Jesus sits yonder. Come to the question. Shall I speak?

ALL.

Speak thou.

PHARISEE

(approaching Jesus with the rest).

Master, we know thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?

JESUS.

Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?

ANOTHER PHARISEE.

That be far from us, Master. We seek thy word. Shall we give, or shall we not give?

JESUS.

Show me the tribute money.

HERODIAN

(producing a penny).

Lo, here it is.

JESUS.

Whose is this image and superscription?

HERODIANS AND PHARISEES.

Cæsar's.

JESUS.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

I think I have said enough to prove my contention as to the quality of the repartee of Jesus. Those of us who love this Nazarene are proud to call Him Master, and one of the reasons why we are so glad to acknowledge that He is this in intellect as well as in character is found in these incidents, a few of which for your instruction and delectation I have here set forth.

DISCUSSIONS OF HARD TEXTS

PART · TWO

TAKING AND GIVING

For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.—MARK iv, 25 (Cf. MATTHEW xiii, 12, and xxv, 29; LUKE viii, 18, and xix, 26).

THIS text is repeated in essentially the same words five times in the three synoptic Gospels, once in St. Mark, and twice each in St. Matthew and St. Luke. In each instance He who utters it is the Lord Jesus Christ. It was said certainly on three different occasions and probably on four. In every case, it follows or is the conclusion of a parable; it occurs twice with the parable of the sower, once in connection with a question upon that parable, once with the parable of the talents, and the last time with the parable of the pounds. Many authorities declare that these two last are simply variations of one story, but some of the best authorities are against that conclusion. When used in St. Mark it may also be said to have a definite relation to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

Now these parables are all parables of intense action. They refer to hearing, seeing, and do-

ing. They all belong to the later and fuller period of our Lord's ministry. The emphatic repetition of the phrase on widely different occasions, the practical agreement of the synoptists as to the very words, the care with which they have been reproduced, shows the importance attached to the statement, and the deep impression it produced in the minds of hearers and recorders. I have not seen it so stated, but it appears to me that the phrase was locally current, and it may be considered as a proverbial expression. Certainly it does not require the authority of the Master to establish its profound truth.

Now an assertion may be true and yet not be acceptable,—truth is not the only criterion, as is very well known,—and this stern statement has aroused much antagonism. There seems to be something cynical about it, a kind of cold-hearted indifference, a tragic inevitableness, which is not at all Christian. It appears to be as purely Greek as is the conception of a malign Fate, who disports herself at will among the strifes and emulations, the aspirations and dreams, the ambitions and hopes, the actions and reactions of a petty humanity, which is powerless to modify her decrees or to estop her actions. It seems at first sight a cruel statement. The

picture that arises is that of the poor man despoiled in his poverty, the weak man crushed down in his weakness, the foolish man overwhelmed in his folly. It has a ruthless aspect and we do not approve of it. Our feelings are torn between loyalty to our Lord and the tenderness of our convictions, our ethical relations, toward the helpless.

Let us put all this aside for the moment and try to discover what the words really mean. To what do they refer? Undoubtedly they refer to the use, or the non-use it would be better to say, of talents, abilities, and opportunities. The words are not to be taken literally without some understanding of their real meaning. They are in fact little parables, which many seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not; but which others both see and hear and also understand. First let us recognise that, agreeable or not, they are an absolute expression of a natural law. Like all natural laws, therefore, they are invariable in their application. And there is one thing more to be said about natural laws, they are divine laws as well. If we believe in the imminence and omnipotence of the Almighty, the laws of nature are the laws of God as well.

Sins are broadly grouped in two kinds, or classes, the sins of commission and the sins of

omission; the things you do and the things you leave undone. The difference is radical. There is a lack of proportion in thought concerning these matters and certainly a lack of proportion in preaching about them, for we are continually thundering against sins of commission, while as a rule we only incidentally refer to the sins of omission. It is probable that the sins of commission have the worse effect upon humanity at large, the sins of omission on the individual. But both varieties are bad enough. There are degrees of sin, yet there are no sins of small degree. This is a case in point.

The text is distinctly applicable to the sins of omission, to the evil of leaving undone what ought to be done, the results of failure to put to use talents and opportunities God-given. With this understanding the matter is perfectly plain. There is no arbitrary appropriation or withdrawal by Power from the weak, foolish, helpless, or forlorn. It is the indifferent, the idle, the unwilling, who must suffer. If you do not use the talents, abilities, or opportunities that you have, presently you shall have no talents or abilities or opportunities at all. That is the sum and substance of the whole matter. And pleasant or not, that is true of every phase of human endeavour. The acknowledgment of

the fact and the statement of it are common to all literatures, a part of all philosophies, and are not the exclusive property of the Hebrews or their inheritors, the Christians. But no one has ever set forth the universal truth so tersely or so strikingly, so that the words bite and burn and are fairly etched upon the consciousness, as Jesus of Nazareth in the text.

But the principle has always been recognised. Upon use depends existence.

It is so in the physical world. The fish of the Mammoth Cave are in no way different from their brethren in open waters, except that they live in darkness and have therefore lost the power of vision. The Hindoo fakir holds his arm out until it is atrophied and his ability to move and use it as an arm is gone. Men upon desert islands or in prisons for years alone have lost the power of speech. Not to use physical talents and abilities is to kill them. The hand of little use hath the daintier touch, that is the weaker touch, in a world whose problems demand grapplers! The principle of physical life is exercise, action. Not lightly do we use the word "quick" as connoting life and opposing death. We live and move and have a being!

"*By the sweat of thy face shalt thou earn thy bread*" may have been regarded as a curse by

the primitives of the past, but we know to-day that labour is pleasure and toil is life. *"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"* is a question put to us by a Higher Master than those of earthly vineyards. Upon our energies depends our happiness; to struggle is to live, and he lives best and grandest who struggles hardest and for the highest. To him that hath shall be given.

Mistake me not. In everything that is said about the non-use of talents and faculties, the converse is equally true. Abuse is death as well. The over-trained is as certain to fail as the under-trained. Abuse is like the sin of commission; failure to use, the sin of omission, and with the latter we are dealing peculiarly in this paper. The man who gets the most out of the body with which he has been dowered, is the man who rightly and properly uses his faculties and his opportunities to the best advantage, who develops his original inheritance of health, or who supplements his original lack of it by a wise regimen. To him that hath shall be given. If you do not wisely use your body you do violence to its work, for *"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"*

The rule is true commercially. Demosthenes shrewdly observes that the possessions of the

negligent belong of right to those who have arduously toiled. No amount of inherited capital will ever develop mankind as that for which a man works and which he earns. Perhaps it is a part of our inheritance of the Spirit of the Divine that we love to create, to create wealth, to create happiness, to make two blades of grass grow where but one has grown before. To this end were you born. If you do not work for these things, you cannot have them. It is a natural law, wise like all natural laws, that that which comes by inheritance tends to dissipate itself. If it were not so, the world would be in the possession of two or three men, but in a few generations, accumulations are scattered. Mr. Carnegie expresses the truth when he says that it is a disgrace for a man to die rich. This again is not an encouragement of improvidence. Those dependent upon us are entitled to whatever reasonable aid and support we can give them after death as well as before, but no one is entitled to that which will relieve him of the necessity to use his talents commercially. Let each man make his own place. I am socialistic and communistic enough for that and democratic enough not to wish to live on the usufruct of the labours of the past.

Is there not a similar spirit exhibited polit-

ically in the doing away with special privileges of birth, in the trembling royalties in Europe? No one would be surprised to see any country therein declare itself a republic to-morrow, even Spain, Germany, Russia, Italy. And the only country where royalty seems to be permanent is England, which in reality is as truly democratic as any republic. Even there a recent revolution has put the whole power absolutely in the hands of the people, by abrogating the vital privileges of the ancient House of Lords. Yet the single chamber as a means of government is still an experiment, and the world has not yet decided in favour of it.

We must work for what we have. No ambition or endeavour is so pernicious as to try to get something for nothing. "*From him that hath not, shall be taken even that he hath.*" There is a singular and interesting side light which I cannot believe to have been an unconscious coincidence in the Lord's choice of the article in which the money was wrapped by the unprofitable servant in the parable. The word napkin in Latin is *sudarium* and the root of the word is *sudor*, to perspire, to sweat! Such a napkin was not used as a serviette at the table, it was a cloth to wipe the sweat of toil from the brow of the labourer, and the man that hid his talent in the

napkin, *concealed the money in that for which he had no use because he did not toil!*

One of the grimmest of all laws is that of the survival of the fittest, the law of natural selection so called, but is not such a selection a divine one as well? To him that hath shall be given the power to survive; to him that makes use of every ounce of intellect, capacity, ability, strength, power, opportunity that comes to him. Talents, again, may be abused, but as before we will not enter into that now.

The law is also true in the mental field. How many women are there who read these words who were once young girls, upon whom thousands of dollars were lavished in training them to sing, and more especially to play, who are incapable at this moment of rendering acceptably the simplest piece of music, because they have not used their talents! How many men who have been especially trained in one direction or another, have neglected their training, and can now make no use of it at all! The boy and girl, budding into manhood and womanhood, throw aside books with glee, imagining that they have done with texts and study. Yet there is something terrible about the vistas of learning which open up before the wise, and the truly wise ought always to be truly humble, for they at least can

know something of what lies before them infinitely. If you do not work your brain it will atrophy as would your unused arm.

You have got to grow. Jesus increased in wisdom as well as in stature. If you sat in a chair and exercised your arms forever, you would not be a strong, well-rounded man. So you must exercise all your powers. You can paralyse absolutely certain faculties of the brain while at the same time developing others. Talents not used pass from their possessors. The widow's cruse produced oil so long as she had vessels to put the oil in, but when all the vessels were filled it flowed no more. Unless you pluck the flowers from certain plants, they will not bloom again. There are springs of water which become poisonous unless they are constantly drained. Every field must be ploughed if it is to bring forth plants meet for men.

One of the most gigantic minds was that of Darwin. He was among the first of all scientists. He was so much of a scientist that he utterly forgot or neglected to be other things, and it seemed to him that there was no talent worth use except the scientific one. The following extract from his life will perhaps explain the cause of his rejection of Christianity. The words are his own.

"I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare and have found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures and music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life again, I would make a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week: for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would have kept alive through use." "It is an accursed evil to me," he writes in 1858, "to become so absorbed in any subject as I am in mine."

"From him that hath not, shall be taken even that he hath."

And above all is this law true in the moral and religious field. You cannot be a moral man unless you exercise your moral faculties. You cannot be a religious man unless you exercise your religious faculties. And the Church is the gymnasium, the training quarters. You cannot surmount temptation unless you fight against it. Neutrality, when questions of right and wrong are to the fore, is absolutely impossible. Not without reason is the spiritual life accounted a battle, fightings within and without and sharp

contention. If you do not use your moral faculties you will not have them. If you do not exercise your soul in the moral field, you will not be able to. You cannot pray unless you keep at it. How many men and women today have the faintest conception of prayer or could practise it in any intelligent way? Parrot-like repetitions of perfunctory petitions are not prayers! How many of you in this restless life ever sit down quietly and think about things high, noble, and divine? Meditate upon God? Withdraw yourself from the world a while to learn His story? In how many of you is there ever a thought of the goodness of God caused by the things with which we are constantly in contact? Is the flower by the brink of the river nothing but a vagrom blossom, unmarked, unnoticed? Is the child, with its possibilities latent, nothing more than a mere beginning animal?

Is there nothing in the thunder of the tide upon the shore, the sweep of the wind over the plain, the fall of the snow upon the mountains, the descent of the rain in the valleys, to speak of God? Is there a star that sparkles in the silent heavens that does not tell us that because these things appeal to us we are above the clods?

In the constant use of these spiritual faculties of prayer and meditation, lies the hope of the

Christian Church, the one institution in the world which stands for all that civil government, democratic institutions, and personal liberty are supposed to stand for but do not. But these two are not enough. Faith and works are one and inseparable. Whatsoever thou hast to do, do it with thy might, is a saying as old as humanity.

We are not going to drift into heaven, we are not going to drift anywhere, not even to hell. We must go somewhere on our own feet and in our own way. The power to go the way which sooner or later we fain would enjoy, will be withdrawn from us unless we start in the right direction and keep on toiling. The survival of the fittest! Only the conqueror is unconquered. Nothing, we say in modern parlance, succeeds like success. It is a present-day variation of the old text we are considering. Nothing fails like failure either.

Harsh, hard, unacceptable or not, these words of Christ are profoundly true, and we cannot escape them. We know that they are true. To know the best and do the worst is of all perversions the most terrible.

" We are responsible not only for our sins, but for all the good that might have flowed from our lives, for the opportunities of usefulness, the possibilities of growth in character. They hide

their talents in a napkin, not only, who shut themselves up in hermits' huts or convent walls, but also those who shut themselves from their true work in the world, within the walls of timidity, selfishness, or the over-pressure of worldly cares. Had the boy of Tarsus always remained a boy and never grown into the Paul at Rome; or the babe in the bulrushes refused to grow into Moses; or the uncouth mountaineer to become Elijah on Carmel, they would then have been illustrations of the failure and loss of those who hide their talent in a napkin. Nothing is so improvable as the human soul. It is well to note also that the punishment for sins of omission is like the sin. It omits the best things from this life and the next."

"*From him that hath not, shall be taken even that he hath.*" Of course there is the converse of it, thank God for that. There is another aspect in which we may regard the aphorism.

"Not a cynical rule this, such as the world, in its selfishness or worship of success, caricatures it; nor yet the worship of superior force; but this, that faithful use for God of every capacity will ever open fresh opportunities in proportion as the old ones have been used, while spiritual unprofitableness must end in utter loss of even that which, however humble, might have been used, at one time or another, for God and for good."

What use are you making of your talents?

The tendency these days is to regard the discussion of moral and religious problems as purely academic. The ordinary individual point of view is an impersonal one. We are not directly interested or greatly concerned, but some day it will be different. Some day we will awaken to realisation. Some day we will find no oil in our lamps and neither means, nor place, nor time in which to purchase any. Some day the talent we have hidden will be taken away. Some day the words that have fallen on deaf ears will be thundered to the depths of our soul; some day there will be a reckoning. Lost opportunities will blaze before our vision, wasted talents, neglected possibilities will rise and confront us, and when we turn in piteous appeal and stretch out our hands, we shall hear a voice as inexorable as fate saying:

You heard not, you saw not, you did not, you have not, therefore there hath been taken from you those things that you had forever.

Absit Omen, Domine!

BLOOD AND ITS USES

Without shedding of blood is no remission.—HEBREWS ix, 22.

LIKE the text of the preceding discussion, this seems to be a proverbial expression. It appears to have been inserted in the context as a truism which no one cares to dispute, self-evident to all who read, and needing no demonstration. The learned, logical, and brilliant author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is discussing the sacrifices of two dispensations from the theological or religious point of view of course, and his references are to the two covenants, the old and the new, between God and man. He is attempting to set forth the rationale of ancient sacrifice and to show the newer sacrifice which it prefigured. His axiom is consequently germane to the matters involved, but it is equally true that his sayings have a wider application.

In this discussion it will be convenient to reverse the usual order and proceed from the general to the particular, rather than from the particular to the general—use the deductive method of Aristotle instead of the inductive method of Bacon.

The word blood is of purely Germanic origin. It has no natural affiliation with or ancestry in the Latin or the Romance languages, nor with the Greek or Sanscrit. It is strictly an Anglo-Saxon or English word. It is derived from a root which means to blow in the sense of bloom, or blossom, as of a flower, and it may connote colour as it certainly denotes life! Scientifically, it is the name " for the fluid which circulates in the arteries and veins. From it the solid tissues of the body take their food and oxygen, and into it they discharge their waste products."

It has come in the long course of its usance to have a variety of subsidiary meanings. The first of these describes it as the *vitalising principle,* as when we say " fresh blood, new blood." It sometimes denotes the *natural or carnal part of humanity,* as when we say " more than flesh and blood can stand." Again it signifies the *temper of the mind,* as " cold-blooded " or the reverse, as Shakespeare says, " For I do know when the blood burns how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows." It is humanity's identification of a man of spirit or enterprise or audacity, as when we speak of " young bloods " or " hot bloods " when we refer to men of this character. And it is most natural that it should colloquially indicate birth or lineage, as a " blooded horse."

In its broadest sense it refers to *transcendent nationality,* and is synonymous with *race. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the whole earth."*

When used in the Bible it chiefly, if not always, denotes the vital principle. *"For the life of the flesh is in the blood,"* says Moses, and the assertion is repeated directly and by implication again and again.

Even to the dullest apprehension, to the least illuminated tribe of primitive men, connection between blood and life was early established. Loss of blood meant loss of life, no one had the least idea why—for that matter, no one knows exactly why now. Thus blood became everywhere identified with life.

Now even the primitive mind was capable of some induction, and from the very beginning of mental development, life was dimly realised to be something not altogether material; although they could neither define nor even express it they instinctively felt themselves in possession of a soul. Therefore, the blood being the life, the first rude gropers after the truth caught the idea that the soul was in the blood, so that the blood represented not only the material attributes of life but the immaterial as well, if I may use the phrase.

And yet, in the words of our Lord, "*Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto them,*" it has no such meaning whatever! There it is referred to as merely a part of the bodily or lower nature of man. But practically everywhere else in the Scriptures it indicates the higher or spiritual quality.

Ethnologists are deeply interested in certain avoidances among primitive peoples called "Taboos," by which certain things are forbidden as unclean to touch or use, or as too sacred for humanity to come in contact with, or sometimes, so far as we can see, for mere caprice. It has been reserved for the later generations to find that the prescriptions of the ancient Hebrews as set forth in the Book of the Law were simply more or less elaborate "Taboos," quite akin to the avoidances of the Polynesian savage, except that there is usually more sweet reasonableness in the Biblical prescriptions. That is one of the facts that the study of comparative religion brings out.

Now, the blood being life to the Hebrew, if partaken inwardly it might convey life to the Hebrew, and its use as a food therefore was strictly tabooed. "*Only be sure that thou eat not the blood; for the blood is the life, and thou mayest not eat the life with the flesh thereof,*"

is the Deuteronomic prohibition. And it is repeated in effect in the famous decisions of the first counsel of the Church at Jerusalem by which the faithful are bidden, among other things, to abstain from drinking blood and eating things strangled; that is from things killed without the shedding of blood. Which things the faithful do practically abstain from to this day!

These ancient prescriptions are quite in line with the latest and most modern biological ideas of the metabolic nature of the blood—that is its power of assimilation and change—" of all materials of the body most likely to carry microbes of disease and parasites of larger size, which renders it improper as food." I believe many of the most awful diseases to which we are liable are now shown to be diseases of the blood, and most of the antidotes of disease are introduced into the human system through the blood—witness the great antitoxins. So that which was divinely forbidden to the ancient people of God for one reason is found to be largely unfit for humanity for another.

The prohibition of blood as food seems to be almost co-extensive with mankind. There have been tribes and orders of drinkers of blood, to be sure, but for religious and ceremonial purposes—strange hideous orgies for the most part,

and there were some diseases, I believe, for which blood-drinking used to be recommended, but the practice no longer obtains. That world-wide taboo accounts for the universal abhorrence of humanity toward blood, the shrinking away from it to which we all, save the most brutal and debased, are susceptible.

Yet strange as is the analogy, blood is associated with our highest and holiest rites, and we find sweet consolation in that sacrament in which the Body and Blood of Christ are broken, poured, and partaken of by the faithful.

The history of the development of mankind from one point of view might be written in the developing views of blood rites—that is ceremonies; and blood rights—that is privileges. We still have blood baptism—the martyr who is christened by the axe or the faggot. We still have blood brotherhood, if nowhere else at the altar, but we have no longer the blood feud, or the avenger of blood. The degree of civilisation attained is directly proportioned to the abeyance of the avenger of blood. Society, by common consent, now takes such matters into its own hands. Private vengeance, in theory at least, has been relegated to the chamber of horrors with the rack and the thumbscrew. It is true every mob is an avenger of blood and every vendetta

is a blood feud, and there has been a sudden and awful recrudescence in these matters in the United States, for which we are ashamed and against which we must set our faces as a flint, but we pray and hope and believe that these are but temporary lapses toward barbarism. The most advanced penologists are in favour of abolishing the death penalty by the state. I do not doubt that the old principle of a life for a life will become obsolete at last.

The biological study of the blood has immensely extended our conception of its functions and uses. It has recently opened doors of learning to us through which we gaze upon simply unlimited vistas. "A single drop of blood from any animal now suffices not only to show by its peculiar chemical reactions what animal it comes from, but also how nearly related, or the opposite, an animal is by its blood to other animals. It begins therefore to look as if the whole classifications of zoology may have to be rearranged according to these blood tests," writes Dr. William Hanna Thompson, from whose illuminating book I quote further:

"Thus a drop of blood of a walrus shows no relation with a drop of blood of a whale or the blood of any other cetacean such as seals or porpoises, which, like the walrus, are mammals

that have taken to the sea. Instead of that, the blood of the walrus immediately reacts with the blood of horses, asses, and zebras, thus proving that he is an equine that no longer crops grass, but goes where he can live on an exclusively fish diet. Likewise the hippopotamus is shown to be a modified pig.

"Where a blood relationship exists, but is distant, these reactions are proportionately faint, but where no reaction occurs there is no relationship at all. Thus, geology indicates that birds are descended from reptiles, and oddly enough, the blood of a bird shows a distinct, though very faint, reaction with the blood of a snake, but none whatever with the winged bat or flying squirrel, for these are mammals.

"On the other hand, the marsupials, once such a great family, but now reduced to the kangaroo, the opossum, and a small creature in South America, have at present not a single blood relation left.

"As to man, he has no relation to monkeys, but the blood of the anthropoid ape shows a very faint reaction with his. Meantime, all the races of man are unmistakably of one blood, whatever their colour or abode.

"Hence the blood is by far the most hereditary thing about us. Neither the shape of the skeleton, nor the contour of the body, nor brain, nor skin, nor even ancestral habits about the great Food Question—Darwin's only Creator, how to eat or keep from being eaten—are comparable to a single drop of blood for telling the

correct story of descent. All this gives a new meaning to the words 'For the blood thereof is the life thereof.' Likewise the old saying that insanity runs in the blood now wears a scientific look, since blood and family are so inseparably associated."

As Goethe makes Mephistopheles say to Faust, "Blood is altogether a peculiar juice!"

And the biologist declares that "examining the brain with scalpel and microscope is simplicity itself compared with the riddles which the chemistry of the blood propounds."

Most of the ancient religious rites of the Hebrews, and the most sacred of them, were indivisibly associated with blood. The old Hebrew word for altar, the place now of sweetness and light, meant slaughter, and the ancient Hebrew for the word covenant was cutting and knifing. "Ceremonial law was in fact one vast system of blood symbols. The crimson stream never ceased to flow upon the bronze altars. Blood was put upon the altar of fragrant incense, even the awful and mysterious Holy of Holies was sprinkled with it?" In the Hebrew mind there was no access to God save through blood, which was life.

Perhaps the principle of sacrifice was found in this idea. The life of man was forfeit to

divine justice, so blood representing life must be offered instead of that life in atonement. In its mysterious potency, blood was felt to be too sacred and indeed too dangerous to be used other than as the proper due to the Author of all life. It was at once the most precious of gifts at His altar and the most powerful cathartic by which the sinner was purged of his uncleanness and sin. "There is no expiation," runs a Rabbinic proverb, preserved for us in the Talmud, "save by blood alone."

There were various methods of expiation and remission, and there have been in all religions, but the expiation or remission of sins was to be had by no peaceful or gentle methods. It was not and is not and cannot be easy of achievement. *"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."*

I said that this proverb had a far wider meaning than its religious one, and it is this. Nothing which is of value to man in any field of effort, physical, material, mental, moral, or spiritual, is to be got by mankind without work and without sacrifice, and this sacrifice must, if necessary, include the sacrifice of the man who strives for benefits for himself and for others. Not in accordance with the blind working of irresponsible fate have men invariably risen and

put their best to death. Still is it needful, as it hath ever been, that the one should die for the many. The house of attainment is founded upon human hearts, and the stones of it are cemented together by human blood. In His sufferings and passions our Lord had many precursors and followers upon the Cross. Oh, the smaller passions of man! the *via dolorosas* he has trodden, the calvaries he has climbed, the crosses he has mounted in the following of his Master! The blood that has been shed in the advancement of humanity would incarnadine the oceans and change the colour of the verdure of the earth.

This world teems with humanity. Inconceivable numbers express the aggregate of souls made in God's image that here live and move and have their being, but the tribes that inhabit the earth are but a handful to those that sleep within its bosom, and millions and millions untold of those who have gone, died in order that the world might learn something, that it might use something, that it might revert from something. Every advance in any department of life in which humanity has progressed—and where is the department in which it cannot advance?—has been purchased by blood. The right to think untrammelled, to live free, to know the conditions of

being, to serve God, to work, to love, to laugh, and to weep after one's own fashion have been purchased by the blood of man. Liberty, how many crimes have been committed that thou mightest be attained!

Not alone in temples made by hands are altars reared, but wherever mankind, in obedience to that impulse which lifts him up and drives him on, has striven for the betterment of mankind, stones have been heaped and raised and sacrifices have been offered. The earth is full of Carmels!

You can do nothing, you can be nothing without sacrifice, and the shedding of blood is the essence thereof. If this be true of the world's work and the struggles of mankind at large, how much more true is it of the individual's work in the world for himself. All the world's a stage, saith the player! Nay, all the world's an altar, cries the priest.

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

You cannot resist temptation, you cannot control desire, you cannot fight away sin without the shedding of blood. The war in which you must take part is *guerre à outrance*. "War to the knife and the knife to the hilt," cried Palafox when he faced Napoleon, and that is the Christian idea. There is no religious contentment which would share the world with other religions in Christianity. It has the *animo furandi* of universal hostility to every other religion, while it has the *animo amandi* of universal love to every individual in or out of its fold.

Even the best, and noblest and greatest of all the Sons of man, Who was of humanity the Heir, as He was of God the only Son, could not approach the last final manifestation of His power, the last supreme moment of His work without the covering of His pallid brow with sweat as of blood from the heart as He knelt in dark Gethsemane! And can you work out your redemption, the redemption of mankind, your part of such duty as you may compass with the divine help of Christ for yourself and His Church in ease, in carelessness, in comfort, in indifference? Can you promote your material fortunes, can you preserve your physical health, can you increase your mental capacity, can you perfect that organisation of which you are a part,

a Church, a municipality, a state, a nation, a business, private or public, a corporation, without putting into the scale everything that you possess, all that you can do, all that you can say, all that you can think, all that you can be, if necessary the very blood of your heart, which is the life thereof?

Can you escape temptation, can you beat down appetite, can you fight away selfishness by any light or careless method? Nay, but by the utmost only can you conquer. *Ad Astra,* that is our aim, to the stars! *Per Aspera,* that is our method, through the difficulties thereof.

What differentiates mankind from the rest of creation, from the faithful hound, from the horse, neck-clothed in thunder, from mighty Behemoth and huge Leviathan, from the air cleaver, from the cloud topper among the winged denizens of the sky? It is the moral sense, and that alone. Responsibility is the keynote of mankind, moral responsibility that is. No nobler statement was ever made about him than that he was created in the image of his God. He knows the difference between right and wrong. He can draw distinctions. The animal, like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, is not accountable, he has no moral responsibility. He cannot look to the heavens and see God above him. The

Deity is nothing to him. Can we effect the moral regeneration of mankind, our own and the race, without the shedding of blood?

The Bible casually alludes in one place to a strange yet tremendous occurrence about which secular history is absolutely silent. Once in old Jerusalem Pontius Pilate mingled the blood of the Galileans with the blood of the sacrifice. How or why, we know not. Yet these Galileans are entitled to the highest honour, for it is only by the mingling of our own blood with the blood of the sacrifice that we shall attain. Whose blood and what sacrifice? His sacrifice and His blood that was poured out on the cross, that coagulated around the nails in the feet and hands, that gushed swiftly after the withdrawal of the spear point of the Roman soldier that pierced the heart. *"His blood be upon us and upon our children,"* cried the Jews. Nay, *"We are saved by the blood of the Cross,"* says the Christian, for through it we partake of the vital principle, the life and soul of Christ, of the divine life of God. In Him, in Jesus was life, and the life was the light of men. Not merely the life which we took from our mother's womb, which we drew from our mother's breast, but a higher, nobler, truer, diviner life, eternal through Almighty God.

"After this, I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

"And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they?

"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN

What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?—Job ii, 10.

IT is most certainly true, as Shakespeare has said, that one man in his life plays many parts. In these parts we run the gamut of human experience. Not every one, of course, undergoes all things. Such is the infinite variety of life that it may be continually full and yet looking back over it as it draws to a close we may find that we have missed many things which have fallen to our neighbours; and for some of those omissions we may be very glad and for others very sorry. As a matter of fact, we do not think much about the sad experiences which have failed us, for which we ought to rejoice and be thankful.

During my long ministerial life I have by direct request read thousands of prayers for people sick or in trouble. The thanksgivings which I have offered after the people have recovered, or the trouble has passed, could be counted by hundreds, and a large portion of them were on my own motion. Is not that your ex-

perience, dear reader? How often do you pray for a benefit, how rarely are you thankful after receiving it! You are keenly conscious of the rich experiences in life that you have missed; you have no thought at all for the other side—the things from which you have been spared, the dreadful experiences in life that have missed you.

However this may be, there is one experience which everybody enjoys. I do not use that verb in the sense of taking pleasure either, perhaps I should better have said an experience that everybody undergoes, that comes to everybody, to rich and poor alike. That is the experience of trouble, the experience of sorrow, of pain in its manifold phases.

Now, we are differentiated from the lower creation because we possess, among other things, the power of reflection. We can think, we can reason from cause to effect; our instinctive capacity is low, we do not need instinct when we have reasoning powers so highly developed. We think, therefore we are! Nay, more, because we think and determine and love, we are of the image of God. That ability to discuss and infer makes us investigators, it brings prominently before us one of the greatest words in the language, when it is used in the light of its consequences. That word is not, in this discussion, love or duty,

but WHY. "I want to know" expresses the mental attitude of the average man. "I will, I must, know" is the determination of the superior man.

We all of us have in ourselves a touch at least of the desire of that Prometheus of the Greek fable, who stole fire from heaven to enlighten men. The tree of knowledge remains, as of old, the most fascinating in the Garden of Eden, and perhaps a part of Adam's entail upon us is that the father of the race having once tasted, the children's teeth are set on edge with keen desire to repeat his experiences. It is because of our persistent determination to know the why of things that the poorest man enjoys without a thought and as a matter of course comforts, privileges, luxuries, which no king would have dreamed of enjoying a few centuries ago.

If you desire to compare the present with the past, just read Mark Twain's delightful extravaganza, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," and at the same time add to that wonderful Yankee's power the vast achievements of the score of years since the book was written. All these things have come to us because men were continually asking why, and were continually finding answers to their questions. The race is always solving some kind of a problem.

When there are no more problems to solve there will be no more race.

It is well that the problems grow in difficulty as we probe further into them. We have solved an immense number in the most astonishing ways recently, but they have only opened bewildering vistas of further mystery. Phillips Brooks used to say, in effect, that the more he learned the greater became his idea of the infinite, which was expressed by the things he had not learned, did not know, and could not understand. A striking illustration is found in higher mathematics; there is a certain curve called a hyperbola which continually approaches a straight line called its asymptote, which it never reaches until it arrives at infinity. That is the way with knowledge in man. We shall never find out everything, not even in heaven, although we are always approaching the infinite.

We see through a glass darkly now, but even when we see face to face, we shall not see all that there is to be seen. Only the infinite can comprehend the infinite. Man is not God, he is merely made in His image. No matter how faithful may be the reproduction, it is but a reproduction still. Something there will always be "In God's still memory folded deep."

But these undoubted truths do not prevent

mankind from trying to find the answer to all the questions that present themselves. He does not know what is finally intended that he should know, what is finally to be withheld from him; he can only try and try and try. When he stops trying he dies.

Naturally he has not suffered as he has in the long course of history, which is little enough, by the way, in the sight of Him to whom a thousand years are but a watch in the night, without striving in some way to understand why he suffered, what is the reason for pain, what is the philosophy of trouble. And he has thrown an immense amount of illumination upon the problem by his researches, he knows a great deal about it, yet it is a question which has never been settled absolutely and which never will be, in the humble judgment of this investigator.

I suppose there is no problem to which he has more desperately applied himself through a longer period of time. In that most ancient of all literatures, the Bible, there is a wonderful section called The Book of Job, written nobody knows when or by whom, which is devoted to a consideration of this very problem of pain and suffering. By the way, by men of as diverse tempers as Tennyson the poet, Carlyle the philosopher, and Froude the historian, that book aptly de-

nominated "The Epic of the Inner Life" is declared to be one of the most wonderful books of the world, one of the great poetical volumes of all literature. In its amazing debates between Job and his three friends—Eliphaz the philosopher, Bildad the wise man, and the impolite and bad-tempered bigot, Zophar, we enter upon a discussion of the problem of pain. The world's decision after the controversy is rendered by the brilliant and versatile Prince Elihu, and the consideration of the matter is closed by a wonderful Theophany, or divine manifestation, made by God Himself as a Voice from the Whirlwind.

Although this book was written so long ago it was in advance of its age by three thousand years. We learn from it almost as much as we know now. The wonder is sometimes how the book got itself accepted by the Hebrews and included among their sacred books, it is so much at variance with ancient practices and then universal opinions.

Let us see what we can find about the matter from the author of Job and from any other sources.

In Job's day people believed that pain, suffering, or trouble was always a punishment, and it was nothing but a punishment. They had

very indefinite ideas about any future life in those days, they had some vague ideas of immortality, but nothing very clear or coherent. They only knew one life and it seemed to them that in this life men ought to get all that was coming to them either of reward or punishment. They had no other philosophy than that when a man prospered it was because he was good and virtuous and that when he suffered it was because he was irreligious and wicked. That idea persists in large measure to-day. So hard is it to eradicate thoughts that have come down to us, opinions that have been a part of the human inheritance of the ages. There were preachers who moralised over Martinique and San Francisco and Messina and saw in these dreadful happenings nothing but direct visitations of divine wrath over local conditions!

"*Who did sin,*" was asked of old, "*this man or his parents, that he was born blind?*" And the divine answer was, "*Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest!*"

When these three friends of Job put forth their arguments on the lines indicated it was only necessary for Job to point out that their positions did not square with the facts of life. The rain did and does fall on the just and the unjust

alike. The sun, the rain, the earth equally nourishing the wheat and tares and they both grow together till the harvest. I have no doubt the tares have just as good a time of a sort and look just as thrifty to the casual as the wheat.

Indeed, if there was no other reason for it we might have to postulate immortality for equalisation. There is a universal desire among men for the square deal, a universal appeal for fair play, that demands that things be made right some time, somewhere; if not here, then hereafter.

What are the conclusions at which the world has arrived about trouble? First, suffering is sometimes a punishment, there can be no doubt about that. If you deliberately put your finger in the fire you are sure to get your finger burned. If you sow the wind you will reap the whirlwind. But as sure as there is a God, suffering is not always a punishment; therefore—and this is one of the great by-products of the investigation—since we do not know, it is not competent for us to declare that the sufferer is guilty of something or anything, sins of commission, or omission. Judge not, it is illogical, unscientific, unwarranted, immoral, and unkind.

Since, then, trouble is not always a punishment, what may be its other functions? Why, if God is Omnipotent does not He do away with

the devil and hell as a place of punishment? is often asked. Dear reader, He made you a creature of free will. I had rather be a creature of freedom than a fixed cog in some great machine which would only go one way. I do not say that there is no virtue without temptation—God forbid—but there is no triumph of virtue over evil without temptation, therefore trouble is a test of quality, the evidence of our freedom, the attendant circumstance of responsibility, obligation, and duty. We are always testing ourselves, life is made up of a system of tests which begin when the baby is first put on the floor to crawl and which do not end until life itself ends, and which I doubt not will continue in life beyond.

And trouble is not only a test of our own qualities, but it is the test of the qualities of others. Sometimes they need that test more than we and they can only be tested and tried and developed by the sufferings and trials of others. I know of a lot of husbands and wives who are normally very good friends, but when one becomes sick, or an invalid, the other is forced to accede to demands to which he or she is sometimes unequal. Yet these circumstances often develop character so high and so fine on both sides that all the world is richer and better for

the trouble; witness President McKinley and his wife.

And then again trouble is sometimes an inspiration. How many people have died of loathsome diseases begot of insanitary conditions, before men have seriously applied themselves to learning the why and wherefore of these troubles, to discover the cause and apply the remedy! Do you pray to God to ameliorate these conditions? It is useless, a wasted prayer, if you can remedy them yourself. I do believe that God never does anything for a man that he can do for himself.

Once in a great city the cholera became epidemic. Prayers were ordered for the abatement of the disease. One minister refused to offer those prayers because, he said, that before they were made the authorities should clean up the streets and alleys and do away with the cause of the scourge. It is idle to pray to be delivered from an epidemic of typhoid fever and do nothing to cleanse the source of infection. Trouble then inspires us to think and to work.

However wonderful the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, and without regard to His claims the world approves and admires both, He would have been remembered scarcely more than as a gentle and lovable philosopher, if He

had not died upon the cross so that He might thereafter rise from the dead. It was His passion, that is His pain and anguish, that completed and made available His life and work.

I dare say that there are more things for the good of men wrought in this world through pain and suffering than through joy and happiness. Contentment never effects anything of importance. Dissatisfaction is a greater force than satisfaction. We ought only to be satisfied in heaven, even if there.

To struggle is to live. "Sweet," therefore, "are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its forehead."

What are your troubles, and why are they? Are they a punishment, are they a test of your qualities, are they an education, are they a trial by which those about may be measured, are they an inspiration to those with whom you come in contact in the world? I do not know. God forbid that any one should say. Perhaps you do not know either, we cannot always read clearly the signs of the times even in ourselves.

That Voice which spoke to Job and his friends out of the Whirlwind threw no light upon the question at issue. God simply called attention to Himself. In the midst of troubles, however,

that may come upon you, He says, "I am here, look to Me!"

"All things work together for good to them that love God." However hard and desperate our lot we may be sure that things cannot ultimately go wrong, and though we do not know and cannot find the reason for it all, there is a reason, and it is a good one.

Some day what troubles us will be done away, what mystifies us will be explained, so far as we may be able to comprehend it. Underneath our poor racked bodies are the Everlasting Arms, if we did but know it. "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Nay, God's in His earth and all is well. He knows us, He understands us, He does for us what is best.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

THE REPROACH OF THE TROUBLED

Master, carest thou not that we perish?—MARK iv, 38.

JESUS had been preaching all day long. There never was such a preacher as He. No other man ever compressed in a few sentences such immortal meaning. Even in the brief summaries of His discourses which are preserved, there is so much force and power and majesty, so much tenderness and peace, so much light and life and love, together with so much brilliance in illustration and example, that we can well imagine what they must have been in full. And those who have had any practice in public speaking can realise what they must have cost Him. He spoke with the mental and spiritual insight of God, but with the physical and material strength of man, and although He was never violent, He must often have been tired out, exhausted. Night, with its promise of repose, was as welcome to Him as to any weary man.

He withdraws Himself from the multitude which had drained His vitality through the long

day of teaching, and when even comes, enters into one of the small fishing boats with which the Lake of Galilee abounds, intending to pass over to the other side to the country of the Gadarenes, where perhaps He hopes to be able further to spread His Gospel. His disciples dismiss the crowd and follow Him into the little boat, in no proper sense a ship as we understand it, for it was probably so small that it could scarcely contain them all. Some other chosen companions and friends embark in other boats to follow the Master to the other side.

Jesus, being very tired, lies down in the stern of the ship. He rests His head against an improvised pillow, probably made of the outer garments of some of the men, and goes sound asleep. It adds a touch of human tenderness to the picture of the Divine Son of God whenever we read of Him as fulfilling the ordinary destinies of men. As a tired man sleeps for rest, so slept the Lord in the ship.

The passage, which should have been a short one under favourable circumstances, was not made without an adventure. One of those sudden tempests, squalls of wind and rain, to which the lake—"that deep hollow in the earth's surface"—was liable, and which still prevail on occasion over those same waters, sprang up. It

is astonishing how rough a small body of water can become in a sudden gale. Still waters run deep; the mighty ocean does not immediately respond to the pressure of the wind, and it does not immediately become stilled when the wind dies away. But in shallow waters spread over large areas there is a prompt response to every atmospheric disturbance.

The fishermen watched with increasing apprehension the quick and growing blackness of the sky. I think it likely that the other boats went back to the harbour in fear of the storm, but the ship which carried Jesus held its course. The experienced among the disciples scanned eagerly the distant shore and sought to reassure their brethren with the hope that they would make a landing on the other side before the tempest broke upon them. The whirlwind was swifter than their hopes, for in a moment the little boat was wildly tossing in a rough and tumbling sea. Heavy laden perhaps, she did not ride as lightly as was her wont, and the buffeting waves broke over her bows, the drenching spray was blown aft, and they were in dire peril for their lives in the sudden and heavy seas, while Jesus calmly slept on.

The sleep of a working man or woman should be sacred. Rest is one of the most necessary

as well as one of the most precious gifts of God. One of the most gracious promises is that *"there remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God that shall be forever."* The supreme desire of many a tired soul is just to rest. "In the sweet fields of Eden, there is rest for the weary." Sleep is a great mystery which no one has explained, although wise philosophers have reasoned about it and speculated upon it almost as much as they have speculated upon the greater and longer sleep we call death. But this we know, in sleep we rest. Perhaps in death, too, we rest. *"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."*

The disciples were all working men. No idler, no dilettante, no trifler in the world's battle could be a chosen companion of the Christ. For Jesus, too, was a working man. We think of to-day as the most strenuous period in the world's history because we live in it. But life was just as earnest and just as real then as now, and men craved and needed then the "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care" just as they do to-day. The Master was asleep and resting tranquilly in the storm. Jesus was tired out. Not one of those men would have disturbed Him for a slight cause.

And again, although they lived in the most tender and intimate relationship with Christ; although, so far as we can discern, He lived with them in the utmost frankness and freedom of perfect love, they were never familiar with Him. It is inconceivable that they ever could have been. Even Judas betrayed Him with a kiss of respect. There was always a difference between Him and them, a great gulf, bridged by love, His love more than theirs, but which nevertheless intervened. There was awe in the hearts of those who stood before Him. I have no more doubt that even Caiaphas feared Him than I have that Pilate hesitated and trembled before Him. Much more these disciples. On no account would they have awakened Him unless they had the gravest reason for so doing. "The king sleeps" was the word that was wont to hush the palace into silence. But peril, danger, were at hand; the king must be awakened.

Again we are met with the failure of the disciples to comprehend Jesus. We are surprised at their blindness when we consider Him from our present point of view, with our present illumination, but we need scarcely be, if we put ourselves in the places of those men. They could not realise who and what this Christ really was; it was simply impossible for them to do so. Had

they realised it fully, I dare to believe there would have been no crucifixion. The power of such a realisation would have been as irresistible then as it was when Peter braved the crucifiers after the resurrection, or when Paul won a world after his enlightenment. And perhaps their eyes were holden that the great sacrifice might be accomplished.

Therefore these terrified men in that small boat in danger of being swamped, while they were fully persuaded of the Divinity of Christ in some strange and different way from the divinity of any other child of God, could not completely understand. They had not learned that with Jesus they were safe no matter what threatened or what happened.

"Fear not," said the great Roman to the trembling boatman in the midst of the storm; "you shall be safe, for you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." And a greater than Cæsar was here.

Not all the storms that ever blew on all the waters of the world could have sunk that ship that carried Jesus and His brethren. No deluge that may come from the broken fountains of the greatest deep will sink that great ship, the Church, which to-day carries Jesus and His brethren. But those men did not know that.

Some men do not know that even now, and they are therefore unduly troubled.

The breaking waves dashed high over the bow of that little vessel, the water came flooding aft, yet Jesus slept on. The Master lay asleep in the hinder part of the ship and gave no heed. Who broke His slumber and awakened Him? Mark has the fullest account. Was it Peter who laid a timorous hand upon His shoulder and shook Him and poured into His ear the cry, which was also a reproach, "*Master, carest thou not that we perish?*"

"*And Jesus arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith? And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?*"

I think no human touch can improve upon the exquisite simplicity, the noble dignity of that account. I see the standing figure of the Saviour. I mark the huddling, terrified disciples, their clothes drenched, shivering with terror, maintaining an uneasy footing on the bark, unsteady, tempest-tossed. I hear that voice calming the troubled waters with the sweet words, "*Peace,*

be still." And as quickly as the storm had risen, it died away. The wind grew weary, the waves sank to rest as if exhausted by their own beating; the clouds broke above their heads; the stars shone; the little boat was at rest, the hearts of the men in it at rest, save for that counter-reproof in the Master's words.

To the believer in a Divine Providence, to one who acknowledges the immanence of Almighty God, trouble is a test of belief, sorrow the touchstone of faith. As by struggle we advance, so through disaster we believe. The untried faith is like the untempted virtue. It is a possibility rather than a reality. When things go well, it is easy enough to believe. The care-free naturally trust as they naturally hope. It is not difficult to believe when no strain is thereby involved. When things go wrong belief is harder.

When we are in trouble, when we suffer, when our endeavours fail, our undertakings are fruitless, our hopes vain; when we lie wrestling with anguish; when pain wrings the brow and grips the heart; when some one we love very much is in trouble; when some great disaster has caught us on the edges of its whirlpool and dragged us down; when a church, or parish, or municipality, or nation, mourns some leader or prophet; when some terrible calamity like that which tore the

riveted steel of the great bridge over the St. Lawrence, at which I looked in awe and admiration a few weeks before it fell; when some world-wide cataclysm of nature overwhelms a great city by the sea, making widows and fatherless, Rachels bereft, old men childless, striking down the young and strong, the good and true; when some terrible devastation bursts from the hidden fires that blaze beneath us and turns a smiling island into a desert and a charnel house; when something that seems to us unmerited, uncalled for, needless, useless, cruel, arbitrary, happens in the world, when the rain falls upon the just and the unjust alike, faith trembles and we lift voices to heaven and say, *"Master, Master, carest thou not that we perish?"*

Then cynic and sceptic look on us and mock us and cry aloud, saying, *"For he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened."*

Perfect faith is as rare as perfect love. There has been vouchsafed to humanity but one complete example of either quality, and the world rose in its wrath and crucified the Demonstrator of the possibility.

We are all vacillating creatures. Fortune in her "shift and change of mood" finds us ever

ready to respond to her variant appeals. We laugh, we cry, we are weak, we are strong, we stubbornly resist, and then—we lightly yield. Truly, as Shakespeare says, men are "to one thing constant never." The greatest have their moments of weakness. Much study, with some original research, in our own American history has convinced me that no man is entirely a hero save by the reticence of his biographer. Nor do I mean by this to belittle achievement or endeavour. Men are great in spite of their weaknesses, not because of them.

In distress the first thing that wavers is faith. It may be that the trouble which brings us low is the result of our own imprudence. "We have done those things which we ought not to have done," or "we have left undone that which we ought to have done"—in the solemn language of the general confession which we recite so blithely every morning, and the consequences are the natural, perhaps the inevitable, results of our sins of omission or commission.

In homely phrase, Providence is said to watch over children and fools. Perhaps the consequences of our failures to be or not to be are warded off. God is long-suffering. He gives us all many chances. We trifle with life and destiny, and perhaps with a certain degree

of impunity for a certain period, but by and by there comes a time when the trifler must assume his responsibilities; when "he who has danced, must pay the fiddler." Then our belief, our faith, our hope all make ready for flight.

Man is a creature of interrogations. I blame no one for the word "Why?" There is a mother who has gone through the pain and anguish of childbirth. There lies by her side upon the pillow a tiny little figure. It has eyes which do not see, lips which make no sound, hands that cannot grasp, a heart that does not beat. Everything but life is there. Useless all the weary suffering, the long pain, the keen anguish. Why was it? What purpose was served by the tragedy of a thousand homes?

There is a young man or woman just budding into life, so carefully trained, so wisely guided, so usefully prepared, and stopped in mid-career, with all the possibilities of the future unopened and unavailing. Why this awful waste of life and love and toil?

Here is a great man or woman, a centre of effort and endeavour in some chosen field of work, to whom their fellows look for counsel, aid, inspiration, help, example, a thousand things. A touch and they are gone and no one can take their place.

"This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls."

"*Thou fool,*" is writ before every man, "*this night shall thy soul be required of thee.*" And when his hour strikes, he reads that doom sentence and wonders, "Why?" The widows of the St. Lawrence gaze over the twisted wreckage of that bridge, wonder sadly, and question bitterly. The homeless men and women who sat upon the hills about San Francisco and Messina and looked down into the seething holocaust in which the labour of years and the hopes of lives went up in flame and smoke, wondered why. The survivors of the sometime smiling, happy people of Martinique and Sicily did the same thing as they gazed on the smoking hills and the ash-swept valleys. The whole world questioned when the telegraph flashed the news that the President of the United States had been shot. From thousands of lips in these, and every other catastrophe, day by day the cry goes up, "*Master, carest thou not that we perish?*"

The faith which demands entire enlightenment

is not faith at all. It is education. The virtue which survives no temptation is not virtue at all. It is weakness. There can be no answer to the great interrogation. There is no answer to a thousand questions which man puts, which perhaps it was intended that he should put. What we know, we master. It would be a sorry day for mankind if he mastered his God. If he could solve the mystery divine, he might make his own god, as some of us do, out of stick or stone, and turn to it in his last hour with the frightful results that I have seen.

The endeavour of life is to believe; the highest function of life is to trust; the end of life is to hope. The question in the text is not an absolute negation. There is no denial of God in it. Men who throw that great interrogation into the face of God do not curse Him and die as a rule, although I know some who have done so under such circumstances, but they have faith enough to appeal to the very power they believe to be indifferent. Not to Baal and Ashtaroth, not to any false god of wind or wave, or other land, did the disciples turn, but to the Jesus who was with them, asleep in the stern of the ship.

God is very loving and pitiful. Yes, even though in our sorrow we cannot realise it. He knows how we are tortured and wrung; He

knows "the grief that whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break" sometimes into lamentations and reproaches. Perhaps to us He seems to sleep as the human Jesus did. The living Christ above us never sleeps. He seems to be silent when things go awry. But He tolerates the question, and sooner or later He answers it. It may be that He does not answer it here. There are certainly things we shall never know, problems insoluble, the problem of trouble, of pain, of wickedness. There are many answers to these, none adequate and satisfactory. Some things we must see "through a glass darkly," but some day we shall see them "face to face," our eyes shall be opened and we shall understand.

Meanwhile, the admonition is that we must have faith. Though He slay us, we must trust Him. His is the larger view; His is the deeper thought; His is the grander plan, and not the least part of its grandeur is that it comprehends the infinitely little being we call man.

"Oh," said a woman in trouble, "if I could only be sure that God cares!"

"Madam," was the answer, "that God does care is the very essence of the religion of Christ."

Confidence and trust and hope—these are easy when our ways lie along pleasant paths, but confidence and trust and hope are mere empty

words unless they can be bestowed and felt and entertained when, though God is in His heaven, all seems wrong with the world. For this is the gracious promise of the past, no less vital when it was uttered than it is to-day: "*Thou shalt keep them in the secret of thy presence from the strife of tongues.*"

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee."

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

PART · THREE

THE GREATNESS OF THE NAME

A SERMON FOR CHRISTMAS

At the name of Jesus every knee should bow . . . and . . . every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.—PHILIPPIANS ii, parts of verses 10 and 11.

JUDEA in the days of Herod. The long, level rays of the setting sun, streaming from the blue Mediterranean horizon, on the evening, let us say, of the 24th of December, over nineteen centuries ago, photograph some strange pictures upon the imperishable retina of history.

Upon the hill of Mount Zion rise the columns of a famous structure of marvellous beauty. The dying light is reflected from facets of burnished gold and glittering silver, and loses itself in dusky shadows, among beautiful colonnades, and under deep porches, whose noble doors offer entrance into the temple with which Herod rivals Solomon—a fit structure in which to worship the mighty, awful-presenced God of the Hebrews.

The old service is still maintained there, the children of Aaron still hold their priestly succession, the hierarchy of Moses and David and

Solomon, of the times of Ezra and the Maccabees, is still in possession; the Levites in their white robes still sound the praises of God in the words of the poet king. But the glory of Israel is departed, its people unblessed, their worship a vain thing, its priesthood venal, its temple profaned, its sanctuary polluted, its courts unhallowed—its doom is sealed.

Near that temple, upon the crest of a scarcely less noted hill, the splendid palace of the Idumæan monarch lifts its head in the dying light. Though it is crowded with nobles and courtiers, officers and guards, servants and slaves, to the eyes of the worn out, grey-haired, diseased old man of three score and ten it seems lonely—so lonely. Yet Herod may have familiar companionship if he will; nay, it is thrust upon him. Here is the feeble wraith of an old, blind, betrayed, dethroned monarch, his sometime king; in that chamber lurks the ghost of a murdered brother; there, in that judgment hall, rises the gentle spirit of a woman, beautiful, loving, and beloved, his former wife, a mother of his children; and by her side, see, there they stand, their children, cut down in their youth by their father's sword.

Every chamber in his whited sepulchre tabernacles the ghost of a friend. Each stone in the pavement is cemented by a drop of blood, each

drop from a different heart. They rise before the guilty Herod like Banquo's issue, and shake their gory locks at his imbrued, ensanguined hands, till he quails in terror before the dread Nemesis of recollection. Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad. Patience, Herod. "*Vengeance is mine,*" said the Lord and retribution is hard upon thy footsteps.

The sun in the city below searches out a people torn by faction, distracted by internecine strife, forgetful of the weighty matters of the law, gone astray after the little tithes of mint and cummin; Pharisee, Scribe, Sadducee, Herodian, master and slave, priest and people, seething and raging in a tumult of passion at the dominion of that power which hangs like the sword of Damocles, even over the head of their hated king, destroys the national liberty, blots out the old-time independence, and places above everything, even upon the very portal of the temple, the Eagle of the Roman, now gleaming cold and sinister in the fading light.

The people are weary of Rome, weary of Herod, weary of life. Patience, O Jerusalem! "*Tell ye the daughters of Sion, Behold, the King cometh unto thee!*"

The Roman Eagle is everywhere. His haughty crest stands guard over the distant

frontiers of the Rhine; it looks down upon the wild Sun Worshippers of the Orient; the cartouche of the Pharaoh is beneath it; Pallas Athenæ acknowledges its sway. In Africa it keeps its watch over the sands of the desert, and its scream is even heard in the far-off isles of Britain. All the world is Roman! Greece, humbled and enfettered—a lost republic. Egypt, drunk with the excesses of Antony and Cleopatra; Italy, Gaul, Britain, Palestine, Asia, Africa, and Europe—all bowing down before the city enthroned upon the seven hills, and that city in the hands of a single man—Cæsar Augustus!

For the first time in generations the gates of the temple of Janus are closed, and there is peace in the world. But what peace! The repose of the tiger about to spring upon his prey. Mankind, destitute of principle, devoid of morality. The old free worship of the old poetic mythology, of tree and river and mountain gods, of nymph and faun and dryad, vanished, supplanted by idolatries which pandered to all the baser passions of depraved humanity. The old ideas of honour and integrity forgotten; impurities, too dreadful to mention, current; the prostitution of all that was good and noble steadily proceeding; the whole world gone a-whoring after the awful gods of Avarice, Plunder, Eter-

nal Shame! Rome approaching the zenith of her power, the nadir of her weakness.

But the sun of Palestine falls upon a fairer picture. Out on the Bethlehem road a little party of tired travellers is seen wending its way toward that city. A venerable and dignified man is walking by the wayside, leading one of the domestic beasts of burden of the country, and seated thereon is a woman, a young, pure, and lovely woman about to become a mother, a thing for man to revere. In her fair young face, in addition to the saintliness of motherhood, there seems to shine something else that God hath wrought. It is Mary.

Arriving at the door of the single hostelry of the town, they seek admittance, and find there is no room in the inn for them, no guest chamber is vacant. The Roman has taxed the world, and each Jewish family must gather at the city of its forefathers for registration. Bethlehem is full of strangers, and these two descendants of King David—he was a shepherd on the hills of Bethlehem, you remember—arriving late, find no room left for their occupancy in the inn.

What shall be done? It is late, the night air at that season is chill. Mary cannot be exposed to its rigour. Finally in the home of their kingly progenitor, these two humble people find

a temporary abiding place in one of the caves in the hill back of the inn, sometimes used for a granary, sometimes for the stabling of cattle. Bundles of straw and sacks of grain lie upon the floor, and the walls are cut in rude mangers low enough for a sheep to eat from.

Ah, neither the Pyramids of Egypt, nor the golden house of Nero, nor the palace of the Cæsars, nor the Colosseum, nor the dome of St. Peter's, nor the abbey of Westminster, are to have clustered about them such associations in the history of man as this cave in the hillside at Bethlehem. For, look you! there is the cradle of liberty, there begins the hope of the race; the light of the world is there; it is the place of the Incarnation.

There, that night, in the still darkness, in that rude place of shelter, with those meagre, humble appointments—think of it, women of to-day!—the climax in the life of that woman, of every woman, is reached, she becomes a mother. With all the prophesied anguish, with all the exquisite pain that only womanhood may feel, a child is born. There is a great white, radiant star overhead, a new star not before seen in the heavens. I think the day must be breaking when Christ is born.

The shepherds in the fields, like fair-haired,

ruddy David, perhaps, are keeping watch over their flocks by night; they, too, see the light, the transcendent blaze of that star. Above their heads the angels circle, around about them an heavenly chorus rings. Away off in the distance the three wise men, kings in tradition and story, are coming along the road. The shepherds leave their flocks and hasten to Bethlehem, whither the Magi are bound. In the temple the *Nunc Dimittis* is beginning to well up in the heart of the aged Simeon. The soldiers of Herod are whetting their swords for the throats of the children of Bethlehem, while the kings and the peasants are coming to the cradle of the Master, a prophecy of the future.

What do they see in that rude shelter in the hills? A young mother and a new-born babe her own trembling hands had wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid within the manger by her side; only a little child, to all outward intents and purposes just like thousands of other babies born to-day, but this baby is God Incarnate, the Word made flesh, caused to be miraculously conceived in the womb of a virgin, possessing a perfectly human body, and a perfectly human soul, yet being absolutely God. His manhood not swallowed up in His Godhood, His Godhood not debased by conjunction with His

manhood, manhood and Godhood truly inseparable, yet completely distinct. He was "truly God, perfectly man, indivisibly God and man, distinctly God and man," and His name was Jesus! At that name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord.

That birth was the greatest event in the world. All happenings from the eternal beginning have converged toward it, all results have flowed from it. Salvation for the world dates from this Incarnation. The baby hands of Christ take hold of the reins of government, and the world begins to roll the other way.

This is the beginning of Jesus upon earth. This is He of whom the prophets wrote, the angels testified, over His head the dove of the Holy Spirit hung poised on snowy pinions; this is He who was transfigured, worshipped, betrayed, crucified. The intellect of mankind for all ages, since His advent, has bent itself toward the consideration of Him. His life and His teaching receive the universal approval of all sentient creation, so far as we may determine it. No matter what theory a man may hold of His, Christ's, origin, His ultimate destination, no matter what he may imagine Jesus to be, he still fulfils the first part of this prophetic text, if he be a rational being; for, is it not true that

at the name of Jesus every heart is lifted up in admiration of the character and every knee shall bow itself in reverence? Why is this? Listen!

We know now, while we watch Him growing from infancy to youth, from child to man, that this child is He who is to help the helpless, heal the sick, comfort the afflicted, succour the needy, feed the hungry, not only for that day, but for all future generations. This is He who spake as man never before had spoken, who never made any mistakes. We see Him walking on the water, and bidding it be still; we hear Him speaking to the people in the matchless sermon on the mountain; we follow Him with hushed steps and faltering hearts into the garden, where in the night the agony of His soul forces from His forehead great drops of sweat which is His blood, and Peter and John and James are sleeping. This is He whom the kiss of the traitor betrayeth; we see Him in the Judgment Hall of Pilate, faint, yet clinging with awful tenacity to His purpose of atonement and redemption; and—silence, still, oh heart, thy beating—we may see Him on the Cross.

The shepherds and the wise men of old, seeing only a little baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger, could recognise the Messiah and worship Him as Lord. We look upon

Him to-day, with all the testimony that has been gathered together, and still cast doubts on His Divinity. What is that testimony? I do not refer to the testimony of prophecy, of assertion, of miracle, of record, or of revelation, but of results; perhaps these will appeal to you, being practical people, if they are placed before you. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and he that hath eyes to see, let him see.

Christ is born this night! When the air reaches His lungs He cries, the common-cry, the never-to-be-forgotten sound of the first cry of new-born life. It breaks on the night. Science says that a sound once made, a word once uttered, vibrates forever and forever on the atmosphere; but we need no science, nothing but the *scio*—the "I know"—of faith to tell us that the sound of that cry, which is the first voice of Jesus, has not yet died out from under the heavens, and shall not die. In the waves of its startling vibration will be found the harmony of all that is noble and true.

Christ is born! A little after, the babes of Bethlehem are put to the sword. A little longer, and Herod the Great dies in awful agony of body and soul. Oh, King of Judea! God never forgets! The blood you have poured upon the shuddering earth has cried aloud for vengeance.

With what measure ye mete, it hath been measured to you again!

A few more years and the veil of the temple—the same temple that glittered in the starlight of the night of the Nativity—is rent in twain, and for the first time in centuries the daily sacrifice of a lamb upon its altar is intermitted. The Lamb of God was hanging then in matchless sacrifice upon the cross.

A few more years and the legions of Titus thunder at the gates of Jerusalem. Her head is laid in the dust; of that temple there remaineth not one stone upon another, her habitations are desolate; her people wanderers in strange lands; her religion a thing of the past.

A few more years, and the Goth and the Vandal are encamped upon the seven hills; the last pagan emperor of Rome lies muttering, with the death damp upon his brow, "You have conquered me, O Galilean." The stench of the new Sodom and Gomorrah was terrible before the Lord. Retribution has grasped the Eagle.

All this is the cry of that child? Yea, and more; a few years from the cross, and St. Stephen, with the face of an angel, falls upon the ground beneath the stones of his executioners, praying with a loud voice, "*Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.*" A little farther from the

cross I see St. Peter, the rock, walking up to the place of execution at Rome, his hands clasped, his white hair making an aureole behind his venerable face as he says to his soul, "Christ only—only Christ." A little longer and Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, friend of St. John, tells Trajan, "The nearer I am to the sword, the nearer to God," and dies for the faith once delivered to the saints. Then Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, Ignatius' friend, refuses to abjure and save his life. "Four score and six years have I served Christ, and He hath done me no wrong; how can I now blaspheme my King and Saviour?" He says this again in the flames of the stake. Ah! Christ is born.

It is a summer day in old Rome—hundreds of thousands of eyes are looking eagerly down upon the white sands of the Colosseum; the Emperor is there in his box of state, the rich, the powerful, the wealthy, everybody is there but the tender-hearted. A group of prisoners, despised Nazarenes, are seen in the storied arena—an old man, bent with years, other men young, or in the prime of life and strength, looking wistfully out into the blue of the far off Italian sky, never to be seen again; young men, students, lovers—yes, God have mercy, women too; young mothers with babes at the breast, grey-haired

matrons, innocent girls and little children. Hands are clutching the bosom to still the wild beating of nervous hearts, eyes are fixed upon the cross the old man holds aloft. This is the faith that was delivered the saints and these are the saints.

There is an intensity of silence in the Colosseum, breathless stillness among the lookers-on, the few trembling voices in the arena singing a hymn, the feeble voice of the old man as he prays, scarce break the silence. The great bronze doors at the farther end open with an ominous clang, the lions spring forth, the people sweep to their feet in irrepressible excitement. The shriek of a hapless victim is drowned in the great roar of thousands of voices, "Christians to the lions!"

Ah! what are those dark red spots upon the white sand? Witnesses, witnesses to the voice of Jesus, to the power of that blessed Name.

Voltaire, arch-infidel, says, and his estimate is low, that ten million men have perished through the Christian religion. Ten millions laying down their lives for the name of Jesus! What a tremendous weight of evidence is this, and not confined to the past. There are parts of the world to-day where you could not carry the cross a moment without imminent danger of being cruci-

fied upon it. Millions of people there are who do not yet know the Name, and men and women and children in torture and agony day by day to make it known are dying. Black people, but with very white souls. Dead for the faith, dead for the name.

"Dead, your majesty! Dead, my lords and gentlemen! Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

So, too, Father Damien dying of leprosy for the lepers in the Sandwich Islands. Dying for these outcast, loathsome wretches. "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.*" Bow down before the ineffable name of Jesus, then, for there is none other under heaven whereby man may be saved, or that could inspire such deeds as these. Is He not God?

Christ is born! A million people in Rome. A few thousand own all the rest—the life of a slave being nothing worth accounting for, and that of a client under the empire but little better. The cry of that Child begins the work, and the last shackle was struck from the last slave in every land where the Name is known, a little while ago, by Abraham Lincoln. His pen

worked in harmony with the Master's voice. All men should be free.

Christ is born! Womankind is a chattel. She may be bought, sold, repudiated, divorced, insulted with impunity; she is the property of her father till married—of her husband after that—of her male relatives, if she is a widow, until she dies. Then, and not till then, it seems, she may become the property of God. Christ comes into the world by means of a woman, and to-day she sits in the church by your side, your equal, beloved, honoured, her every natural and proper right respected. Evidence, is not this, of value?

Christ is born! Man's hand is on the sword; war is vibrant and infectious in the air. He says, *"Blessed are the peacemakers,"* and slowly —the mills of God seem to go very tardily to our human perceptions—the era of universal peace is dawning. The sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, while the angels sing as that Child's cradle song, *"Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men!"* What a rock-a-bye baby is that! It is the murmur which stills the tired earth, rocks its angry passions to sleep.

Every good and perfect gift is from above. Every great moral reform, every tendency toward a better state of things in any direction,

had its incipiency in the cry of that little Child. Laying aside the powerful evidence of prophet, priest, evangelist, it is enough to point only to the results of that birthday. It is evidence enough that that Christ is God, and not merely a deified man.

I drew you a picture of the world of the past when I began this sermon. Look upon it to-day. Its churches, its hospitals, its charities, its schools, its Christians, its free people, its peace, its respect for private rights, its honoured women.

I know that much remains to be done before the millennium is reached, but what tremendous steps have been taken since the birth of that Child. I am often asked if the world is growing better, and I say, surely, yes. It commenced to mend on that first day of Jesus, that first Christmas, and its onward course shall never be intermitted till He comes again.

Think what has been accomplished by this religion of peace and love; beginning, and continuing for many years, without a single one of the world's great to support it; without money, power, prestige, or influence save the tremendous energy of righteousness and trust in Jesus' name. Preaching the gospel of humility and self-sacrifice, it meets the Roman in the flush of his

success, in the plenitude of his power. No hardship, no mockery, no contempt, no bitter persecution can stamp it out, it is the incarnation of force. We laugh at the brass tablets of Diocletian with which he placards the world, saying this strange superstition, as he calls it, is blotted out. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. We have taken a despised instrument, used chiefly for the ignominious death of slaves, and made of it the badge of a knighthood, than which there is none higher. The throne of the emperors despised the Nazarene, and yet to-day the cross is above the crown on the palace of the Cæsars.

Heresy has beaten against the walls of Christ's Church. Corruption has endeavoured to sap its defences, schism has rent and torn it, apathy has neglected it, power has oppressed it, persecution has harried it, yet it still lives; fresh and vigorous, strong, hopeful, steadfast, constant, as when it was born in the person of Jesus. Slowly, yet surely, the knees are bowing down, inevitably the chorus of acknowledgment is growing greater as it reaches the hearts of more and more of mankind. Let us rejoice in this day, and let us join in this diapason, so mighty, which has sprung from the feeble cry of that new-born Child.

Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men, is the refrain. Catch it up, breathe it forth with all your energy and all your soul. Make of your Christmastide a real time of festivity; joy, not only in the pleasures of home, the delight of living companionship, the exchanging of tokens of that love and affection, but joy in your heart that Christ was born; joy for the Incarnation of Jesus; confess His holy name and let your happiness radiate from you after the manner of the light which came from that Star out of Jacob, set for the rising and falling of many. Shall you be one to rise? I question you. Shall you be one to bow the knee on this Christmas morn before His Name? Shall you lift up your hearts unto Him and confess your faith in that creed which says:

"I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God."

JESUS OR BARABBAS?

A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION

Not this man, but Barabbas.—St. John xviii, 40.

VERY early on a certain sunny morning in springtime long ago two men stood side by side upon a raised stone platform looking down upon a multitude of people congregated in a public square in an ancient city. Both men were prisoners; both were bound. One of them had been cruelly ill-used; the other had lain long in prison. Back of them by the side of a royal chair upon a dais stands an imposing Roman official, the purple on his toga indicating his proconsular rank. Around cluster attendants, and back of all are detachments of grim, stark, stern-visaged legionary soldiers. Near the edge of the platform is a group of ecclesiastics, clad in rich garments; chief among them a bent and shrunken man of great age who is the counsellor of a handsomer, younger, more imposing figure from whose neck hangs a gemmed official breast-plate. In front of them on the lower level of the pavement surges a great mob of people gathered

from all parts of the habitable world and including all sorts and conditions of men and women, together with many children.

A sudden stillness has fallen over the vast assemblage. The Governor has raised his hand for silence. Pointing to the two men before him —and every eye is immediately fastened upon the pair—he asks in the harsh, imperative voice of a veteran soldier, a question:

"Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?"

No more momentous interrogation was ever put to a people. Upon no answer that has ever fallen from the lips of men did such weighty consequences impend. The fortune of every man, woman, and child in that assemblage, the fate of all those whom they represented, the destiny of the world even, was determined then and there.

One of those men was to go free; the other was to suffer the most shameful and ignominious of deaths. Life, which looked never so alluring as on that sweet and sunny morning, was to be the portion of one; death, which lowered never so blackly as on that bright and brilliant day, was to be the lot of the other. Upon which would the people's judgment fall?

Who were these two men? History—I speak

advisedly; the Bible Gospels are history—tells us a great deal about one; very little about the other. Yet even from the meagre presentation which is given to the minor figure we are able to reconstruct his character. One of these men was called Jesus; the other was named Barabbas. One of them was a good man; the other a bad one.

Since His death, save in Jerusalem, and then only for a short space, men have never questioned the goodness of Jesus. Even to-day the children of those who invoked His blood say nothing but good of Him. They may not, they do not, go as far in their appreciation of Him as the children of alien peoples whom He hath admitted into blood brotherhood with Himself, but they are proud of Him; He stands the noblest representative of their race.

His life had been an open book. He had lived and mingled freely with His fellowmen. He had done nothing that was not kind. He had said nothing that was not noble and true. He had been a hard worker, a loyal citizen, a devout Churchman, and the kindest friend to the poor and downtrodden that ever walked the hills and valleys of this earth. Benefits inestimable had fallen from His hand. There were eyes there looking hate upon Him that He had opened;

there were ears there listening eagerly for the High Priest's accusation that He had unstopped; there were tongues there ready to curse Him that He had loosed; there were arms there shaken in His face to which He had given power of motion; feet and limbs there were upbearing men which He had straightened; clean, fair skins there were which He had cleansed from leprous taints. All this is undisputed. It receives general, universal acceptance. Few questioned it then; nobody questions it now.

This Man was on trial for His life on a trumped up charge which would serve to cover the real cause of the enmity of the rulers and religious leaders of His people. He had stated calmly and frequently under varying circumstances and on different occasions that in many respects He was like, yet in one thing He was unlike, to all the other children of men in that He was the Divine Son of God in an especial and different sense from that in which we all may say, with due humility, that we too are the sons of God. He had declared Himself to be the prophesied, promised, expected Messiah who was to be born of the chosen people of God. He had attested His claim by the most solemn asseverations; He had taken oath to it; His life, His teaching, His exercise of power had been in

entire consonance with His assertion. This will surprise you, but I do not believe that there would have been the slightest hesitation on the part of the Jews, in the face of the evidence presented, in the acceptance of His assertions as true if He had only done what they wanted Him to do. If He had been a Messiah made to order, content to lead them in the mistaken way in which their dreams and hopes had been developed in expectation of Him, He would not have been standing there that morning. They wanted an earthly not a spiritual leader. His kingdom was not of this world, and yet no man has ever been so much the world's king as He—then and thereafter.

Now, it is a singular thing that in some mysterious way nearly every person concerned in His trial and execution, perhaps in spite of himself, went on record concerning Him. To no other man who ever suffered condign punishment, with or without the forms of law, has such testimony to uprightness been borne. Judas Iscariot was His accuser and betrayer. When he realised his own wickedness and the purity and honesty and greatness of the Man, he hanged himself, first repudiating his own action and declaring with his last breath that the blood he had betrayed was innocent.

In all the great crowd which thronged about Him at that trial there was probably but one absolutely dispassionate spectator. That was not the Governor, his thought was for possible consequences of the matter to his government. It was not among the priests and the members of the Sanhedrin. It was not one of the great multitude of the people. It was not one of the little band of disciples or of the few who loved Him. It was a woman whose name has not come down to us, who from her relationship to one of the actors was in a position to know what was toward—Pilate's wife. She declared Jesus to be a righteous man and warned her husband against taking any part in the transaction.

Pilate, the Roman judge to whom the case was submitted, before whom the arguments were made, to whom the evidence was presented, repeatedly affirmed in the most solemn way the entire innocence of the Prisoner of any evil whatsoever, not merely of the specious crimes with which He was charged, but of any other. His testimony was not merely negative, but it was positive, for he further described Him as a righteous man. He asked again and again what evil of any kind was there that He had done and none could answer him.

When Jesus hung upon the cross, there were

two malefactors who were crucified with Him on the same hill, one on either hand. One of them at least so far forgot his own suffering that in the very articles of death itself he declared his conviction that the Man on the central cross had done nothing amiss. While he admitted the justice of his own punishment, he resented the injustice of the Other's.

And lastly, the executioner, a blunt and ruthless veteran, inured to scenes of agony and blood, the auditor of many dying confessions, hardened doubtless, cynical possibly, of an alien religion certainly, who watched this Man die, declared in the face of the very multitude that clamoured for His blood and before the leaders who had brought Him to this pass that He was a righteous man; not that He died like one, but that He was one; nay more, that He was the very Son of God Himself.

No wonder that His apostles and disciples—those who knew Him best—declared Him free from sin. "*He did no sin,*" writes Peter. "*In him was no sin,*" says John. "*He knew no sin,*" declares Paul.

Such a consensus of testimony to the blamelessness of a condemned and executed prisoner has never before been given in the history of the world. It will never again be given so long

as man shall endure. It was a final attestation of His absolute, entire innocence; nay, more, it is a final attestation of the truth of His claim. Had His life not been so absolutely perfect, we could say that nothing in it so became Him like the leaving of it. The Man was never grander than when He hung upon the cross.

Most of these things that have been here set down in rapid summary were known to the people; all of them were known to some of them. Let us turn now to the other figure. Mean men are sometimes immortalised through momentary contact with the great. Who would ever have heard of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor; of Joseph Caiaphas, the high priest; of his father-in-law, precursor and successor, Annas; or of Barabbas, the other prisoner; if in one great epochal hour they had not been brought in contact with the despised, rejected Nazarene?

Yet this other prisoner was not an obscure man, either. He was famous enough in his way. One of the chroniclers calls him a notable prisoner; another describes him as a seditious, lawless insurrectionary; a third limns him with darker lines and declares him a murderer, while a fourth emphasises the meanness of his character by designating him as a robber. Than Barabbas it would be difficult to imagine a char-

acter more at variance with that of Jesus—law-breaker, rebel, thief, assassin!

Which now did the people choose? Which, had you stood there upon that pavement on that morning, would you have chosen? Every motive that could engage the affections of men would seem to predicate but one selection—pride in a great and good man, justice to an abused and persecuted man, gratitude to a generous and bestowing man, enlightened self-interest to a man who extended life and hope to the meek and lowly, who blessed the poor in spirit and the humble. We wait to hear that multitude demand the release of Jesus. We wait in vain. What did happen? Some one; was it old, bitter Annas who in shrill envenomed voice gave the key to the people? Was it he who raised a trembling, skinny, shaking finger and pointed it at the murderer? Was it he who quavered, "Barabbas," in the still air of that awful morning? Instantly from thousands of voices with a unanimity which indicates blindness appalling the great cry of *"Barabbas! Give us Barabbas! Release unto us Barabbas!"* rolled over the multitude, was flung up across the hills until it echoed around the world, ascended to the very throne where God watched—as He watches today those who are weighed in the great balance

—waiting breathlessly for that inclination of the scale which would spell "Right" or "Wrong."

"Barabbas! Give us Barabbas!"

And so the inexplicable choice was made.

Barabbas, surprised, bewildered, amazed, enraptured, his bonds severed, descends to the pavement, mingles with the multitude. Barabbas goes out into the bright, sweet, sunny, glorious world, a free man. Barabbas goes out to life—to break the law, to steal again, to murder once more? My God, can such things be possible? Could any man stand by the side of Christ after so great a deliverance as that and be unmindful of the past, careless of the future? Yet nothing more is said of him; the rest is silence. Surely if he had been one of those who even, after persecution, confessed Christ and shook the world in the strength of that confession, there would have been some one to have recorded the fact. But no, Barabbas steps down and disappears forever in the seething mob.

And Jesus—what of Him? Again Pilate asks a question: *"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"* Once more an answer, a ratification, a confirmation of the choice deliberately given.

"Let him be crucified!"

So Jesus goes to the Cross. As Barabbas to

life, so Jesus to death. And yet in the life of the one is oblivion; and in the death of the Other, life everlasting! One went down into forgetfulness; the Other was lifted up into fame, a fame that grows brighter with every passing hour since He hung upon the Cross.

That freedom of the will with which by the grace of God we are dowered, that power of determination, that ability of choice, next to that capacity to love, is that in us which is nearest the Divine. We can choose our way where we shall go and how we shall proceed. In but one thing are we limited and that is in the range of the choice. Jesus or Barabbas? There is no middle way; there is no other alternative. Good or evil; light or darkness; the power of another world, or the power of this world! Still are we confronted by the two figures as were they of old; still must we elect to go into death with Barabbas or into life with Christ.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

Ah, yes, but the grace of God transcends a single opportunity. Again and again the two stand before us; again and again we choose the thief

and the murderer. Remember that anger is murder, and that covetousness is theft. Again and again we send Christ to the Cross. I know of no nobler and better way to picture the love of God than to say that He gives us another chance. I know of no more touching and comprehensive way to portray the love of Christ than to say that although *"we crucify to ourselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame,"* He gives us another chance. Yet there may be a limit to such giving. *"My spirit shall not always strive with man."* There may come a day when the choice must be a final one. Every moment, therefore, from our point of view, is a final choice, for at any moment the sum of our challenges to the Divine may be exhausted and we must go to trial as we stand.

Which will you choose now, Jesus or Barabbas? The noble, gentle, loving, compassionate, royal spirit and life, or that which is alien to these? It would not have mattered if Barabbas had been an ordinarily good man, the difference between the two would still have been unthinkable. If Barabbas had been dowered like Moses or Paul, the difference would nevertheless have been beyond the reach of imagination; for Barabbas stands for the world, for everything that is not Christ.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party
thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the
dust against our land?"

Jesus or Barabbas? *"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."* Christ died for Barabbas. Christ died for you. Which one do you choose?

THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION

ON EASTER DAY

That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection.—PHILIPPIANS iii, 10.

LET me at this time discuss, explain, and appreciate what St. Paul calls the Power of the Resurrection, conceiving that Resurrection to be a fact not only accomplished but demonstrated beyond dispute.

The Resurrection of our Blessed Lord is not the only rising from the dead which man has asserted and acclaimed. Witnesses have spoken and testimony has been submitted to establish these spurious claims, but when these pseudo-risings have been considered as causes, and their reality been tested by consequences, they have all been found wanting. And the claims and claimants have speedily been relegated to the limbo reserved for myth and legend. With Christ the case is different.

The most powerful single incident or episode in the whole history of mankind was the triumph

over death by the great Nazarene; and the accuracy of this claim will be admitted even by those who are not disposed to admit other things about Him. Indeed we may go further and say that the widespread and well-nigh general belief in the reality of this Resurrection, whether it be well founded or not, has produced greater and more beneficial results to humanity than any other single act in history; or, in fact, than all the acts in all the histories of all the world.

St. Paul speaks wisely and well, therefore, of the Power of the Resurrection. Generally speaking it changed the whole course of human history, and that is the marvel of it. Looking at it from a cold-blooded, scientific, historic point of view—if the human mind can bring itself to look at its Lord in that way—both fact and consequences are incredible. Every law of scientific being, every condition of life as we know it, every human possibility or probability, is flatly violated by that Resurrection. There is no method whatever of accounting for it, or for the results of it, except one. Remember, if you please, that the fact and what has come from it ought never to be and indeed can never be disassociated.

Here is a poor man of an obscure family belonging to a hated and despised race in an in-

significant part of a great empire, who is done to death in the most ignominious way at the instance of the leaders of a religion which held all other religions and their professors in a scorn and contempt which other men and religions richly repaid in kind. And this man is delivered over for punishment under the threats of this people by a base-born and obscure Roman officer, quite unworthy of his position in the greatest empire of the world, who fears for his office. This despised and condemned representative of a despised and hated race during three years of the most intense and self-devoted effort has not been able to inspire enough personal enthusiasm among His fellow Hebrews to cause a single man to strike a blow in His defence. His work and worth has not inspired one follower to stand by His side in His hour of trial, to develop any willingness if not to die for Him to die with Him!

This Jesus is literally ground to dust by the vast powers of that empire, the greatest the world has ever seen, instigated to action by the inveterate hatred of that Church, the oldest the world has ever known. He challenged Church and State, preaching in His Galilean patois principles foreign to both and of which neither approved, and they met His challenge. Everything

that the hate and contempt of man could do they had done and with cold-blooded deliberation. The bruised, beaten, thorn-crowned, spear-pierced body of the Christ was the answer of Church and State to His challenge.

From their hiding-places little groups of dismayed, disheartened, dejected, terrified people, drawn mainly from the humblest walks of life, looked shudderingly on and wondered whether they too were to be caught in the maëlstrom of bigotry and hatred and ruthless oppression. Of the twelve closest to Christ, one betrayed, one denied, and ten fled!

Yet in less than two months this little handful of men and women were proclaiming with mighty voices that the power of Church and State had spent itself in vain against this Galilean. Amazing! They shouted triumphantly that this Nazarene had risen from the dead. Incredible! They thundered in the ears of Church and State that they had seen Him and talked with Him and handled Him. Impossible! Fearing nothing, braving all things, they declared that they had been with Him frequently during forty days. They boldly stated that they had actually seen Him ascend into heaven. Astounding!

These very men and women who had been afraid went about everywhere with the most ex-

traordinary accession of courage and determination on record, making the unbelievable, utterly unreasonable assertion that their crucified Jesus was in fact the very Son of the Most High God in a way that no being before or since has ever been entitled to that supreme relationship.

A more wonderful reversal of form was never seen. To the same Church and the same State which had crucified Him and terrified them they preached the things that He had preached, repeated the things that He had said, urged the doing of things that He had done. And they did not care the lifting of a finger for all the churches and empires on earth. It was inexplicable, astonishing beyond measure.

Shortly before the sight of an armed soldier, the moonlight flashing on his helm, had thrown them into frantic terror, now they calmly confronted a world which at first laughed and then sneered, and next mocked, and finally trembled and struck savagely and attempted with its whole power to crush these men and in vain. What gave them their terrible earnestness, what transmuted them from common clay to vessels of gold and silver? It was the Power of the Resurrection.

That power was manifested everywhere and reached out in every direction. There was a

young patrician, who, though a Hebrew, was born into a Roman citizenship at Tarsus; wealthy, able, well-bred—how weak are these adjectives to describe the greatest man of human history! He hated and despised and disdained, as some great noble of the Middle Ages might have regarded his peasantry, the Nazarene and His followers. He persecuted them with ruthless zeal until the Power of the Resurrection overcame him.

The realisation of that fact was so sudden, so overwhelming, and so terrific that it left him a changed man physically as well as spiritually. He went forth half-blinded, epileptic, with every single disability that could accrue to a man, to testify to this sometime hated Christ in places where his citizenship and personal character rendered it feasible for him alone to present it in ways which the other disciples could not employ. And wherever he went, to Antioch, Ephesus, Macedonia, Athens, Rome, Paul preached unto them Jesus and the Resurrection.

Ever in that great heart of his throbbed that magnificent prayer, "*That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection.*" Was that prayer answered? Whence came his wondrous power? How Nero might have laughed at the poor prisoner to his Prætorian Guards! How

courtly, lordly, dissolute, abandoned Rome, peering through the door of his humble house, might have mocked if it had cared to waste on so poor, so obscure, and so obviously accursed a man even an idle moment! There in Rome lived that little, broken, bent, grey man, who is yet the human source of more that the world respects and marvels at than any man that ever wore a crown, than any man who ever shrouded himself in the purple empery of dominion. There they might have seen him before a rude table, breaking bread, pouring a cup, blessing the people with a hand which was chained to the full-armed and panoplied soldier who guarded him day and night.

Who then *in urbem et orbem* dared laugh at the mighty majesty of the power which had Paul under surveillance? But now! How the world laughs at the futile steel with which the statesman and the soldier would fain fetter the saint and the sage; how the world smiles at the iron with which men strive to bind the idea and shackle the ideal.

And Paul having finished his course in faith, having lived with Christ, had scarcely gained his death before the empires which had mocked and persecuted him and his Master awoke to realise that the subtle, penetrating force of his teachings

had pervaded humanity in every part of the vast domain. The rulers of the earth saw that the poor and the humble were about to become the mighty through the Power of the Resurrection.

Then was heard the sound of the hammers and mattocks as men made crosses and dug the earth in which to set them; then was seen the flashing of swords over devoted heads, then was heard the crackling of flames about stakes, the roar of blood-lusting, passion-fired mobs. The World was awake and busy matching its power against the Power of the Resurrection. And then too were seen men, women, and children, old and young, often from the most despised and disdained classes of people like their Master, from whom nothing was expected; slaves, captives, prisoners, suffering all these things greatly, delicate flesh quivering, racked muscles throbbing, anguish, pain endured—by what power? The Power of Jesus and the Resurrection.

Their faith in it "*subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of aliens.*"

Oh, the constancy, the completeness, the abso-

luteness of the devotion of these witnesses of days long past because of that great fact, the Power of the Resurrection.

And so we go on and on down through the red-printed pages in the long volumes of history until the Power of the Resurrection finally wins the wearer of the purple: Persecution stops and the Power now impels man to cross the mountains and the rivers and the seas telling the story while the great Gospel spreads and spreads and spreads. The despised, the rejected, the forsaken, the abandoned, the mocked and betrayed rise triumphant. Out of one small and lonely grave in the bleak hillside of Calvary has come the mighty army which to-day includes one-third of the people of the globe. This is the Power of the Resurrection.

What of the other two-thirds? Has this Resurrection had no power over them? Ah, if we had done or would do our duty with but a thousandth part of the devotion of them of old time, the whole world would long since be won to Christ. Indeed, the one-third, a large part of whom are only nominally His, offer an overwhelming demonstration of even the material Power of that Resurrection which is so amazing that we scarcely are able to apprehend it. For the one-third controls the two-thirds: and we

can go even further than that and say that one-third of the one-third—the English, the Americans, and the Germans—control the world! All these things are added unto the followers of Christ.

Wherever you find a land where, on the whole, laws are just, equitable, and fairly administered; where there is respect for private right; where weakness is not made the object of oppression; where the individual is protected; where learning and culture are widespread, where comfort and cleanliness abound, where order and happiness prevail, where women and children are treated as human beings, where sexual immorality is under the ban—there you find the land where the Power of the Resurrection has extended.

And the Resurrection has all its old power still. Go into the most savage and barbarous of countries preaching it, declaring it as of old; go into the heart of the darkest, most superstitious, fetish-ridden jungles of Africa and the Resurrection Gospel transforms as it did of old. It takes the savage cannibal of Bolenge to make him humble to crave the broken bread of the purest food on earth or heaven. The most wonderful transformation recorded in history is seen amid the teeming thousands of Uganda, where there are at this hour on this Easter Day more

communicants in proportion to the population gathered together in sacrament and worship and prayer than at any other place or church on earth! And in every city man after man in the great conventions—some in this Parish Hall, too—have told us in the simple words that carry conviction what has been the Power of the Resurrection over the most savage and ruthless pagan hearts as well as over the most refined and subtle heathen philosophies.

How are we going to account for these facts? Is it a power from God? Yes, and that is our very plain and simple way of accounting for these things. If you fail to accept our explanation, if you doubt it, if you deny it, the burden of disproof is upon you. We do not have to prove ourselves right; in the face of facts you have to prove us wrong. The accused is not required to establish his innocence, the accuser must demonstrate his guilt. I say this Nazarene is the Son of God. The facts, the results bear me out. Do you accuse Him or me of a lie or of a mistake? Prove it then. I rest confident in that position, disprove it if you can.

The Resurrection evidences the Divinity of our Lord—that is its source of power. It sets the seal of truth upon His claim to be solely, uniquely Divine—that is its source of power.

It attests the awful fact of the Incarnation—that is its source of power. It gives the world the needed assurance that it is not mistaken in giving up anything and everything to follow Jesus, rightly called Saviour of man—that is its source of power.

The Power of the Resurrection is the power that makes clear and practical our faith. *"I am the Way"*—a living way!—*"and the Truth and the Life."* It is the great demonstration beyond peradventure of the Gospel which is the spiritual support and defence of millions. *"Come unto Me,"*—a living Me!—*"all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*

The Power of that Resurrection is the greatest solace and comfort that mankind can receive in his hour of trial and bereavements. *"Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again." "Lord, Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy: Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness!"*

The mother looks into the face of her dead child and smiles through her tears and says, he is not here, he is risen! The husband and wife may be parted, the friend may be severed from friend, the leader from the flock, the servant from the master, the brother from the brother. We see them no more. No more handclasps,

neither smile nor tear, neither encouragement nor reproof. Oh, God! why hast Thou given but to take away! We knock on the door of a heart that once beat for us and the answering sound is hollow. We listen for the tones of a voice that was once sweet to us and the silence is unbroken. The hand that was warm to our clasp is cold; the heart that beat upon our own is still. We strive and seek for life. There comes to us a voice of angelic sweetness from the tomb in which we have buried our hope and love. *"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen." "We have been buried with Christ, we shall also rise with him."*

And so the Resurrection is Power because it answers to every aspiration of the human heart. With it we are immortal, eternal, divine, without it things of a day—nothing! *"For if Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."*

Sometimes conditions here are so hard, often so unequal, that if it were not for a feeling that somewhere and somehow things will be made right, man could not sustain his burden. He looks into the sky in which in faith and fancy he places his God and says, "Some day I must be there." In the Power of the Resurrection he finds the answer to his prayer.

He thinks of these mysterious things he calls life and death, especially when his own time comes to pass through the grave and gate of darkness into the future, with all its mystery, with all its strangeness, from which, knowing so little, he shrinks with terror and horror—the Power of the Resurrection has changed it all. What is there to fear? One has gone through it and awaits every other child of man on the other shore. *"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."*

He awaited and welcomed your little baby, young mother. He awaited and welcomed your bright, brave boy. He awaited and welcomed your sister, your brother, your wife, your friend. He awaited and welcomed your aged grandsire. He will await and welcome you. Be not afraid, you do not have to tread the winepress alone. When you start on that journey, He will accompany you. *"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."* Aye, though I am driven by the wind and tossed upon the great ocean of circumstance until I am hurled helpless and weak on the other, farther, more distant shore, a hand that once bled for me will lead me through green

valleys and by still waters. *"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."*

The Power of the Resurrection takes away the fear of death then, and last of all it is the greatest incentive to personal holiness and righteousness by its appeal to the future. How many little children over there are saying, "Mother, be good that we may soon be together again. Father, be true that once more you may take me in your arms." How many mothers and fathers are appealing to us from out of the seemingly silent skies? How many brethren and friends call unto us from up yonder? *"Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together!"*

Hark! I hear those voices calling. The world, like Job's wife, would fain curse God and die. It says, "What are you among so many, and for your fate who cares? Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die." Yet above the mighty diapason of its beast-like roar, I hear a voice declaring, *"that my redeemer liveth. I am the resurrection and the life. Because I live, ye shall live also."*

Are you discouraged, disheartened, cast down, broken, afraid? Are you betrayed, scorned, abandoned? Do you suffer so that you cannot endure it? Is hope itself vanishing? *"Look*

unto me," says Jesus. *"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."* Yes, "He endured the Cross, despising the shame." "Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate," since we know that our present suffering is but for a little space, because of the Power of the Resurrection.

Oh, that Resurrection Power, how it appealed and how it still appeals to man! It helps him to believe in his religion. It comforts him in the hour of his trial. It sustains him in his day of temptation. It uplifts him in his weary pilgrimage of life. It makes him cheerful and brave to face the end. It nourishes and develops his hope. It tells him of a heaven hereafter and inspires him to make a heaven here. It makes him kind, brave, true, faithful unto death. And in the end by the Power of the Resurrection it makes him feel that in his own way and in his own sphere, he too, one of the sons of men, is, like the Son of Man, a son of God.

THE MEN OF VALLEY FORGE

A PATRIOTIC DISCUSSION

The Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.—DEUTERONOMY XXXII, 12.

THE regard in which man has always held the hero appears to be the resultant of a natural tendency of the human race, as instinctive as religion. "The search after great men is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood"; it is, in fact, a religion! The religions of the past, we are told, were built upon the hero, and the attempt to elevate humanity, which is the function of all religions, was made by holding before individuals, the characteristics and achievements of the highest representative of their own people. Each nation, each tribe, each family possessed its heroes, whom time and tradition elevated into gods; gods of myth and legend, but real enough to those who filled their temples and offered sacrifice upon their altars; gods whose worship played a part, great and useful, in assisting the first uncertain steps of the nations up that vast

ascent on which, with deep purpose, man still is toiling.

With the lapse of time old memories faded, the individual hero became less local and concrete, and more general and abstract, the ideal developed more and more through the use of the real, until the virtue of all the galaxy of gods merged and blended into one, and man, through his own divinity, knew his god, arrived at the great conception, and before his eyes saw the vision of the one Heroic God, personal still, but not of any people, place, or name; grappled in his spirit and bestowed in his soul an idea and an ideal, which has never left him, which the ages cannot wrest from him. And to-day, after poetic dream and prophetic oracle, with revelation to round the outline and complete the picture, the best of humanity bows at the foot of the Cross before that Divine Man in whose Love it sees its Saviour, knows its Redeemer, and worships its God. There is, I say it reverently, a kinship between Odin and Jove and Buddha and Lao-tze —nay, we may include the vague embodiment of the idea of the fetish worshipper of the jungle, and that of every other pretended pseudo god— with Him that is alone God, the good and true.

That divinity which the wise see in every religion, in all heroes, is but an emanation, a pro-

spective revelation to intellect unequal to things higher, of divinity in all its completeness, the High God to whom all these wonder dreams of the past have been tending. Oh, the dim dark struggles, the desperate agonisings of man to know, as men may know, if they will, since Calvary, the fulness of that Living Truth which shall make them free. "Hero worship, heart-felt prostrate admiration, submissive, burning, boundless, for a noblest Godlike form of man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself?"

The world's great men, certainly the less great, and even the Lord's Anointed Himself, in accordance with their capabilities, represent to man the ideal to which he himself is tending, they are the high and highest exponents of his manhood, for the root of the word hero is that he is a man; as a rule, only the basest peoples have held a woman for their god; there are exceptions, but the rule obtains. Putting aside from the category the Saviour, though even He came not until for centuries a peculiar people had been prepared for His humanity, we find the great men of every people are but the product of the people and the age. Men who have partaken of the same high spirit, save in deeper measure, of those whom they have led, men who have stood but a little more resolutely for the common

idea, warriors of more proven courage and subtler strategy, statesmen of deeper policy, more catholic prevision, patriots of higher purpose and sterner resolution than the armies and peoples they served; prophets who saw a little further into the future than other seers, inventors and scientists a little more capable of solving the enigma than other experimenters, philosophers wiser but a little than other thinkers, priests a little nearer to God, a little touch more of Love of God and man in the heart; these are the leaders of men, and the objects of their admiration.

Let one add to the present sum of human will, or thought, or love, a quantity so small, so infinitesimal that the breadth of a hair seems large by it, and the world stands wondering by one of its masters. Men take the sum of human knowledge and work with it, apply it, experiment with it, go mad with it, until one day some one goes but a hand's breadth farther than the greatest hitherto, and lo, he blazes like a meteor; the world writes his name upon its diptychs, and men hail the warrior, statesman, scientist, saint, as one who, while partaking in full of the knowledge, the prayer, the hopes, the dreams of his present, has been able to get a little nearer to the common ideal of his future. These are the true

leaders and heroes, these men who can say to their brother men, "Come this way, here is the path we have trod." The distance, the difference between the hero and his men, and all who are worth anything are the hero's men, may be so slight as to be but a trifle in the great sum of human endeavour, and yet it wins him immortality, and a place among the lesser gods of war, politics, philosophy, and religion; men build shrines in their hearts to his memory, and cherish it forever. But they do this because the hero represents and is made by them and their time. As every soldier carries a baton in his knapsack, so every man is a potential hero.

Because the army is made up of hundreds of adventurers it is delirious in its admiration of Napoleon; because the fierce fire of religious puritanic fanaticism burns in the hearts of the people, the Ironsides of Cromwell break the pride of the English cavalier; because men were sick at the grasping corruption of an hierarchy which masqueraded under the name of the Christian Religion, Luther was able to plant his foot where it is planted to this day; because men hungered for the word of God in the language in which their mothers sang them to sleep as children, Wycliffe and Tyndale made that great translation of the Scripture which, day by day, we

read; because the men of the Netherlands were determined to worship God after their own conscience, William of Orange could stand, with his burgher soldiers, on that narrow strip of sand and defy the power of the Spanish Empire; and Washington could do his work and fulfil his task because of the spirit of liberty, the indomitable resolution to be free men, that burned in the souls of the men of Valley Forge.

Aye, it is the people who make the hero, not the hero who makes the people. It is the force of some great idea working its way up through the mass that finally in some mighty birth throe, in some great travail paining age, makes the hero. No disconnected *ignis fatuus* of genius, which, alighting upon some chosen head and burning there, turns the world, moth like, about its glory, but the people from whom he springs, and the spirit they represent, make the leader of men. Even the Son of Man was crucified, His influence confined to a few craven, scattered disciples in fear of life; it was not until the people took it up that Christianity had the force to accomplish its work. Not by power of the empire, nor by genius of the minister, were builded the walls of Jerusalem, but because the people had a mind to work.

All greatness, all shame even, stands out

against a background of popular effort, popular thought, popular endeavour; and great men, the men who lead the world's forces and direct its energies, are the men who most truly represent the men they lead. And so my story to-day is a story of the people, my sermon upon this anniversary is a sermon to the people, to the children of the people who made George Washington immortal, and gave this country its unique place in the family of Nations, the men of the Revolution.

" Your hero is the man of the sword and plume,
The man with the musket is mine! "

Look back to the incident we commemorate to-day, back to the winter camp upon the soil of Pennsylvania. I stood there the other day, the bitter winter wind blew fiercely over the hills, covered with bare and leafless chestnut trees, with here and there a melancholy pine, and piled up the snow in drifting masses; in fancy I saw again that ragged army tramping over the snowy roads, " blazing " their icy trail with bloody footmarks from naked, wounded feet. Fighters all, men who had faced death and defeats more glorious than victories at Bunker Hill, at Long Island, at White Plains, who had conquered out of despair at Princeton and Trenton, had fought deadly, murderous, indecisive drawn battles at

the Brandywine and Germantown—" all with the battle blood gory " veterans, wounded, sick, cold, hungry, naked, unsheltered, with spirit unabated, with resolution unshaken, with the patriotic fires of liberty and love of country unslaked, burning more fiercely than ever, now to grapple with a grimmer and more relentless foe than men meet with in the storm of battle, the cruel bitter winter cold, famine, fever. Deprived of the barest necessaries even, by the incompetency and venality of a debauched and inefficient commissariat, following their great undaunted leader, with the spirit of men who would storm hell itself, did he but lay the plan and give the order; men to whom no sacrifice was too great, no trial too severe to be borne, if they could see the light of liberty shining at the end of the path.

Try to think of that camp in your comfort and ease to-day.

> " O the long and weary winter,
> O the cold and cruel winter."

Washington reports " 2,898 men unfit for duty because barefoot or otherwise naked." Numbers are compelled to sit up all night by the fires because there are no blankets, and they cannot sleep under frost and snow; in hunger, famine, sickness, living in rude huts with not even a

layer of rough straw to strew between their emaciated bodies and the frozen ground; their cattle, horses, dead of starvation, the men taking the places of beasts of burden in drawing and moving the cannon and necessary baggage of the army,—what frightful hardships!

"I can assure those gentlemen," said Washington to certain individuals who had remonstrated with him for not keeping the field, "that it is a much easier, and less distressing thing, to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel abundantly for them, and from my soul, I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent." Strong words from the great commander. Said a Committee of Congress, "Sickness and mortality have spread through their quarters in an astonishing degree. Nothing can equal their sufferings, except the patience and fortitude with which the faithful part of the army endure them." "A part of the army has been without any kind of flesh for a week, and the rest three or four days," writes Washington.

A fight, battle, death, anything but this terri-

ble inaction would have been a luxury to these men, yet it could not be. Unless Washington would play the part of Ney and be the last of a smaller but grander army, he must husband his precious men and munitions. The man and his men were never greater than when, resisting every importunity and disregarding every remonstrance, they kept within their lines at White Marsh and Chestnut Hill, after Germantown, declining Howe's invitation to attack. Action was the breath of life to Washington. The man who, after being hunted like a deer through the Jerseys, could turn with the handful of desperate soldiers left him and strike like the hammer of Thor upon Trenton in the depth of winter, and in a brief incredible campaign wrest victory out of defeat and totally change the situation; who could stand at bay at Princeton and show his own personal intrepidity, by leading the charge of Mercer's men on Mawhood's regiment like a common, or rather uncommon, soldier, would find it a difficult task to curb his soul and refuse offered battle; and the men who willingly followed their audacious leader had a harder task than fighting men, in fighting winter.

"What's hallowed ground?" No spot on earth—neither the plains of Marathon, nor the passes of Sempach, nor the place of the Bastile,

nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge. No monument is there, no orderly arrangements to show the lines, no grateful people have marked these spots immortal, only a few indistinct outlines of entrenchments and redoubts, fast fading away in the wind and rain of a century of neglect, to our shame be it said.

"What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives
birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! independence! truth! go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make Earth
All hallowed ground!"

It was Valley Forge and its terrible experience that finally turned that army and its leaders into a thing which could not be crushed or broken, fate had in reserve nothing worse for them than that. Like Israel of old, the Lord alone did lead them, and there was no strange God with them.

Oh, those men of the Revolution! There was in that army indeed a brotherhood of man. Gay gentlemen of France like Lafayette, consecrating life and fortune with the enthusiasm of men who had learned to prize liberty from its absence

in their own sunny land; grim Teutonic soldiers like Steuben, devoting themselves in unyielding persistence to the people they were training and drilling in the tactics of the great Frederick; "blue eyes from turfy Shannon" bespoke the presence of that ancient Celtic race in the person of Montgomery and Sullivan, a people from whom the great desire has not been taken by centuries of oppression—who struggle for it to-day; men like Stirling, from the highlands of bonny Scotland, whose forbears had fought by Wallace and Bruce and followed Montrose and Dundee; men like Mercer, who had stood beside Prince Charlie at Culloden; sturdy Dutch under Schuyler, whose ancestors had given their lands to the sea rather than to the Spaniard.

But the great body were the children of that Anglo-Saxon people, who upon an hundred fields, from Hastings and Runnymede to Naseby and the Boyne, had shown their love of liberty. New England Puritan farmers led by Greene and Knox and Putnam and Stark; Cavaliers from Virginia under Light Horse Harry Lee; riflemen under Morgan, of New Jersey; Southrons under Marion, Moultrie, and Sumter; Schuyler and Herkimer leading New York's men; Smallwood with the Marylanders; and the brave old Pennsylvania line under Mad Anthony Wayne,

immortal lieutenant of his great commander, seconded by St. Clair, and Cadwalader, and Allen.

Nay, in this galaxy of heroic names, we may not omit the men who kept the sea under Jones and Dale and Conyngham, and Biddle, and laid the foundation of that navy which has shed such imperishable lustre upon American arms. Men who had never wandered after strange doctrines nor kissed the feet of pinchbeck gods, men in whose soul dwelt the spirit of the Lord, and there was liberty!

Patience, gentlemen all: I look through the misty, whirling snow and over the smoke and dust of battle, and see you in the trenches of Yorktown; the English soldiery march out between the stars and stripes of the newest nation and the golden lilies of the oldest; and ground their arms, while the bands play a quaint old English air, "The world turned upside down." In Independence Hall, at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Guilford, Monmouth, Yorktown, are the travail pains of this new nation, but the mightiest birth throe of them all is the camp at Valley Forge.

Now, as has been said, the prosperity of a country depends not so much upon the wisdom of its rulers as upon the spirit of its citizens; the nation, its policy, its principles, what it stands for, depends upon the people who

compose it. This country stands, in the broadest sense, for personal liberty subject to law, for individual equality subject to nature, and for self-government subject to the welfare of the mass; it is the creation of men whose descendants we are and whose memories we cherish; when each one did his part, laid all that he had upon the altar of sacrifice and kept back none of the price of freedom, it is fitting that each should receive the highest praise as he merits the deepest appreciation; instead of allowing the glory of the one or the few to obscure the glory of the many, we should bear witness to the glory of all.

Wiser eyes than ours have noted that one star differs from another star in glory, yet each one shines as it can, and together they make up the glory of the heavens. Nothing we can say in praise and acknowledgment of these men derogates from the surpassing lustre of him who best represents them, the immortal Washington; rather his own overtopping virtues and abilities appear, and are, greater because they are raised against a background of such heroic men and actions. Thus these men of the Revolution deserve our study, and in the study of them we may see strange things and learn deep lessons. They were marked men, not the product of the

ephemeral emotions of a day,—it took ages to create them; in the womb of the centuries the genius of liberty had been slowly growing, and lo! as the result of all the wars and battles and strivings and great upheavals of dumb blind masses of men, under the direction of leaders who fatuously dreamed that they were making history by furthering petty ambitions or aggrandising chosen peoples, after incredible anguishings, this country is born.

For each age, each epoch, each moment even, sums up the effort and experiences of the eternal past; the men who effected this deliverance, who received the new infant in their protecting arms, being the men we honour. What do we learn from them? The force, the power of a public opinion. Well has it been said, *Vox populi vox Dei,* the voice of the people is the voice of God; not the first voice, the voice under the stimulus of some bitter passion or answering responsive to some demagogic appeal, but the voice that represents trial, suffering, waiting, prayer; the voice of men who think and do not guess, who act and do not dream, who pray and do not mock, whose God is the Lord, in whose heart is His law.

The great achievements of the few rest, and must rest, upon the opinion, and its active ex-

pression, of the many. Lofty and splendid is that stately and graceful spire we have erected as a monument to the pivotal figure of our national beginning, in the city called by his name, yet it rests upon a tremendous and solid base, as necessary to its stable existence as it is disregarded and little known. Put that monument upon common ground and it would sink into a shapeless mass of masonry in a day, in a moment even. We require and must afford a basis, a solid sub-structure reaching deep down, of patriotism, of patriotic public opinion, of love of country, its flag, its people, its institutions, its soil even, upon which God may grave His laws with mighty fingers so that all the world may read.

We cannot all be Washingtons, but we can at least be men. In the present, as in the past, we have a mighty call to arms; yesterday we saw the answer, to-day we look upon the result by which we may build hopes for to-morrow. What is the call to-day? *It is a call for men consecrating their talents and devoting their fortunes to the public service, not for what they can get out of it personally, but for what they can contribute to the wealth and prosperity of the State.* This nation is but a child, lusty and strong, rapidly growing, but not escaping grow-

ing pains, and with its future by no means assured; it is an experiment by no means conducted to a conclusion, and many thoughtful regard the present as its most vital crisis. No foreign foe menaces our shores, peace and prosperity reign within our borders, we fear no outward enemy; but, as the evil things in man proceed from within and come out of the heart, as the master teacher of hearts has said, and as all life carries the seeds of death in its bosom, maintaining its existence by the constant exercise of all of its faculties, so within our own confines are to be met to-day serious problems, grave questions, awful interrogations, before which the stoutest souls may quail and tremble.

Be not deceived, my brethren, by a seeming prosperity, a fancied security, a present attainment, dream not that because we seem to have been chosen by God in the past, we can look for a continuance of His favour, if we are traitors to our duty to-day. Judas, and every other sinner, too, makes his own hell and goes to his own place, and if we be chosen of the Most High it is only a selection to the sterner duties, graver responsibilities, and more profound obligations.

The Call? What of society as it is to-day, with its imbecile advocacy of absurd (when

transplanted) customs of foreign nations, its fashions from France, its ideas social from England, its vices from everywhere? What of society with its extravagant luxury, its dissipation and excess, with its gradual creation of a privileged class, not so much the privilege of brains or piety, culture or spirituality, but of money, the basest of all distinctions?

Our fathers fought to abolish these things. Are we striving to maintain them? Understand me, I would have no man forget that he is a gentleman, but I would have him remember that others less favoured of the gods may be likewise, and I would have the gentleman recognise a deeper meaning to the brave French words, *noblesse oblige,* an obligation to make all others, as he can, with whom he comes in contact, even as he is, by his example, gentle. No ancestor can ennoble his descendants. I said each man makes his own hell, so each man ennobles himself. The quip of the great Corsican contains much sound philosophy, each man is the Rudolph of Hapsburg of his family.

And lastly, what of the attempt of society to segregate its members in certain blessed spots, and bar out from the holy confines those who were not born within the Eden, who do not live within the charmed circle? The consequent at-

tempt to withdraw brains, intellect, culture, politeness, religion from the humble external mass, the loss to them of the blessed privilege of attrition with goodness and high breeding and honour, the drawing of a line which says, thus far and no farther, the locking of a gate in the face of the people,—oh! my brothers, they will knock upon that gate one day and demand entrance in a ruthless cry that will be heard and must be heeded, a voice of society indeed!

What of the business and political situation? A great cry is there. What of Justice thwarted and punishment delaved or averted by legal quibbling and the command of money? What of so-called business methods? What of municipal corruption in ring-ridden, boss-ruled cities and commonwealths? What of the peculations of officials in high places, of which you have had conspicuous example? What of venality and sordidness in congressional circles, from which honesty and probity recoil? What of the incapacity and self-seeking of a Senate which has so descended from the eminent traditions of its past that it has almost fallen into general contempt?

What of the great principle of combination? How far is it right for capital to combine for

protection or aggression, and what relation must the resulting combination bear to other individual capital, or to combined or individual labour? On the other side, how far is it right for labour to combine for protection and advancement, and what relation must that combination have to other individual labourers, and to capital, combined or individual? The ethics of the trust question, the labour question, the lock-out, or the strike-out; I express no present opinion on these things, about which the wisest are not agreed. I merely put the question. If you solve it you will require all the genius, consecration, and labour of a thousand revolutions. No man who desires to live up to his manhood can smiling put these questions by.

And the companion problems of poverty, and of wealth, the high and increasing cost of living, the position of woman with regard to the suffrage, the question of taxation, of commerce, of finance, of prostitution, of temperance, of arbitration. An appalling list, and sociology, the last of the sciences, empirical and yet in its infancy.

What of the case in Religion? What of the scepticism, the irreverence or indifference of the age, the attempt to enforce ethical morality instead of teaching the Son of God, the substi-

tution of the eleemosynary aspect of Christianity for personal attachment to the Saviour, the so-called conflict between so-called science and so-called religion, the attempt to philosophise away the eternal Truth above us and to abolish God, the neglect of public worship, the desecration of Sunday, the decay of family prayer, the unopened Bibles, oh, what of these?

I emphasise, of course, the dark, the darkest side of the picture, not because there is no other, but because this is the side to which men are called by the cry of all that is wrong or amiss in this great land, by the appeal of sorrow or poverty, the whisper of crime or the story of shame, the demands of abuse and injustice.

Oh, gentlemen of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, men of ancient lineage, of heroic name, of assured station, of a proud past and an honoured present, here is work for your hands to do. Has this order any purpose in life, does it exist but to dream of an heroic past and not to act in the crying present? Is it like a family living alone on its former greatness, without strength or plan or purpose for future days? The saddest of sights is the remainder of a great family nursing itself in isolation by the fireside of its past in senile recollection, like a plant gone to seed, rank, unsightly, useless.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves."

Are we here, and do we wear the button or the badge that tells the world what manner of men our fathers were, simply because they were our fathers, or because we too would stand for what they stood; for freedom, for love of country, for law, for equal opportunity, for religion, for Jesus, for God? The Lord alone did lead us in the past; there was no strange God with us. He will lead us in the future; and by our efforts and example and by the efforts and example of kindred societies, and of men everywhere animated by the same spirit, we shall solve these questions, we shall simplify society, establish order, put down anarchy, promote the welfare and peace and prosperity of our people, and put our nation higher on the honour roll of God; and finally preach that gospel of love and duty which men can learn nowhere save at the feet of Him who was crucified, who died and rose again, and sitteth on the right hand of that God who holdeth you and me, and all peoples and nations of the earth, yea the earth, and the universe itself, in the hollow of His mighty hand.

This is work for the Sons of the Revolution. May God give us the grace and strength of our honoured sires, may God raise up to us other leaders as before, that we may fight the good fight, and finally attain the reward by manifesting in the conflict a love as deep as is the ocean, a patriotism as eternal as the stars. Amen.

BALAAM

A MODERN INSTANCE

Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness.—2 PETER ii, 15.

THE character of Balaam is not unique, nor is his career singular. That he was associated with a great crisis in the history of a remarkable people, and that he was given an opportunity to play his part with more grandeur and more of the accompaniments of the dramatic than are usually allotted men, does not preclude his fairly serving as a prototype in himself for two great categories, into one or the other of which most Christians are to be placed.

The poetic beauty and lofty majesty of his inspired prophecies are contrasted with the cunning policy and hideous infamy of his worldly counsels. The height of his attainment suggests the depth of his descent. In the radiance of his glory lurks the shadow of his shame. His first association with God calls to mind his final allegiance to Satan. Like William Rufus, the Red King of England, he bore upon his scutcheon,

"God and the devil—ready for either," but with a fatal leaning toward the latter. He stands before us one of the most human of figures presenting the most singular contradictions, noble in his triumph, shameful in his defeat. At one time among the gladdest, at another among the saddest of the children of men. Given opportunity, he grasped at it, clutched it a moment, rose to its measure grandly, and then relaxed his hold and fell, and great was the fall of him. The radiant brilliancy of the meteor emphasises the rapidity of its descent and the certainty of its annihilation. We measure him not by his moment of strength but in the day of his weakness, because he did not rise from it. It is the inevitable law that we cannot consider justly results without taking account of opportunity, and the curse of a failure is intensified by the chances of success presented.

It is morning on the famous plains of Moab. Far to the east the broad uplands stretch in verdant freshness toward the rising sun. Upon the west the light of the glorious orb of day throws into high relief the mighty summits of the storied mountains of Seir. Here in the north is Pisgah, in silent majesty, standing like a sentinel keeping the doorways of the distant promised land. Yonder is "grey Beth-peor's awful

height," and between the two rises "Nebo's lofty mountain on this side Jordan's wave." To the southwest the Dead Sea, hardly suggesting what lies beneath it, sparkles in the morning sunlight, and far to the east are the distant mountains and hills of the destined country of the Hebrew. On the hither side of Pisgah's range, the mountains descend rapidly until they lose themselves in a narrow but fertile valley watered by the many brooks which break from the hillsides and plunge into the swift flood of the Jordan beneath.

Under the luxuriant shade of the acacias which fringe its banks, the white tents of a mighty host gleam in brilliant contrast to the green verdure of the oasis. Six hundred thousand men at arms, their wives and children, their cattle, and the booty of two conquests gather about the banners of their tribe and the tabernacle of their God. Flushed with victory and confident with hope they but await the word of their great captain to advance upon the foe. No motley mob of escaped slaves is this, no fugitive multitude of people who have lost even the idea of independence during centuries of servitude, but a drilled and disciplined army composed of men who have drunk deep of the fountain of liberty in the freedom of the desert.

All of that tumultuous mass of terror stricken fugitives who fled before the chariots of the Pharaoh, save three, the best and bravest of them all, have laid their bones in the sands of that gloomy desert which lies behind. Even Miriam, the prophetess, sleeps in consecrated Kadesh, and Aaron, the priest, waits awakening on the mystic peaks of Hor. Only Moses, the lawgiver, Caleb the prince, and Joshua, the soldier, are with the people still.

A man of grave and reverend aspect stands upon the summit of Beth-peor looking down upon the enchanting picture. For three successive days and from different points of vantage, he had gazed upon these people; three times he had vainly striven to bring a curse upon them. He will try no more to bind the will and break the plans of God. Behind him upon seven altars the smoke of the burnt sacrifice, the offering of idolatry reeks up into the heavenly air of morning. A little group of haggard watchers stands by the altars, one, his majesty of demeanour and splendour of apparel proclaiming it, the king, the despair of his face slightly relieved by the shadow of a waking hope, he waits the pleasure of the absorbed man upon the crest. Around him the princes of Moab and Ammon and Midian are clustered, a brilliant assemblage of

notables, in attendance upon the prophet of the Lord.

Upon the ground about the altar are piled the rewards of divination, spoil of the enemy, magnificent raiment, articles of gold, silver, and jewels. These have attracted and moved the man upon the hill; for these he is here. He turns and beckons to the king, and in a moment they are standing side by side.

At the foot of the mountains lies the army of the foe. Sihon, king of the Amorites, himself a conqueror, and Og, the mighty king of Bashan, have both been humbled by this people travelling in the greatness of the strength of their God. The rumour of that God had come even to Ar-Moab and to the ears of Balak the king. Who was able to withstand Him? What were Baal and Ashtaroth and the priests of Midian before Him? When the desert warriors had marched by the territory of Balak, in a panic of terror he had endeavoured to enlist that God upon his side. "Send and get me from Aram, from the city Pethor which is beside the Euphrates in Mesopotamia one of the children of Asshur, the child of Shem, a man akin to this people who dwelleth there, who hath knowledge of the God, and who worshippeth Him; and give him the rewards of divination, honour, and

goods, and spoil that he may come and curse me this people in the name of their God. He hath good report as a soothsayer, an augur, a diviner, bring him hither in great honour, and with this high reward let us tempt him to essay with God in our behalf." As the word of the king had spoken, it had been done. Thrice have they tried and this is the last appeal. The king turns in deadly anxiety to the prophet. He speaks:

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" This last in allusion to the hideous custom of the sacrifice of children. Then answers to him Balaam, the prophet:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!"

A noble answer. And then the Spirit of God came upon him and he addressed the king in the loftiest prophecy of the Hebrew people:

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they

spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters. He shall pour the water out of his buckets, and his seed shall be in many waters, and his king shall be higher than Agag, and his kingdom shall be exalted. God brought him forth out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn: he shall eat up the nations his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with arrows. He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion: who shall stir him up? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee.

"And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together: and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. Therefore, now flee thou to thy place: I thought to promote thee unto great honour; but, lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honour. And Balaam said unto Balak, Spake I not also to thy messengers which thou sentest unto me, saying, If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of mine own mind; but what the Lord saith, that will I speak?

"And now, behold, I go to my people: Come therefore, and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days. And he took up his parable, and said, Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said, and the man whose

eyes are open hath said: He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open: I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. And Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies; and Israel shall do valiantly. Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion, and shall destroy him that remaineth of the city. . . . And Balaam rose up and went and returned to his place: and Balak also went his way."

How glorious is the prophecy and how magnificent the picture! If we could have followed the prophet to his place, if the recital had stopped here, because there was nothing more to chronicle, we might have classed Balaam with that splendid group of men who in spite of temporary failure and frequent error, yet finally achieved honour and reward; men possessed of some constitutional weakness, who yet succeed in overcoming it, like Luther, Savonarola, John the Baptist, Cranmer, and the millions of less noted characters who have risen from sin, through sin, to righteousness at last, *ad astra, per aspera.*

If the last of Bal'aam had been there upon the high hill near to heaven, his memory would have been honoured and his story one of inspiration. As it is, he merits only our pity and contempt. Let us briefly trace his further career.

He did not go home to his distant city in Mesopotamia. The divine fire which opened his lips in that great song of glorification died away, not a coal remained even, nothing but ashes in his heart. When God was dispossessed, there was room for something else. The man whose heart is full of love has no room for hate, nor he whose soul is filled with God for evil. This man then and there thrust good out of his soul and changed the tenor of his whole life.

God would not curse these people nor would He permit Balaam in His Name to do so. Very well, he would take measures for doing it himself. It is evident that he went to the last extreme. In the midst of heathen people he had preserved a knowledge of God, perhaps he alone. Henceforth he would serve some other god, one of human establishment, a more convenient deity, in whose cult he might find opportunity of working his own will without let or hindrance. Many influences might have worked upon the mind of this man; he was angry at God for not glorifying His prophet in the eyes of Moab and the king.

He had served God faithfully, and here was a request which was not gratified. In the balance, in one side hung the vanity of one man, on the other the existence of a great nation; yet he was willing, nay anxious, to bring misfortune upon them to effect a change in God's will, not for Moab—he cared nothing for Moab—but merely to gratify the madness of one poor prophet; that he and his power might not be discredited in the eyes of those who honoured him.

Jonah angry with God that He spared repentant Nineveh, reminds one of Balaam. Better that Nineveh, that great city, should be destroyed than that the word of Jonah be made of none avail. God, said Balaam, is not treating *me* well. I will have none of Him. And God is not treating Himself well; here is an opportunity of converting a whole nation of Moabites perhaps by manifesting His power. Certainly they needed converting, and God will not do it, arbitrarily will not. I am zealous for God's honour, saith Balaam, and He doth not care! O marvellous sophistry, so oft repeated. And Balaam is aweary of God.

Again Balaam is a covetous man. St. Peter calls him, "*Balaam, the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness.*" The splendid rewards of divination, the honours, the titles,

and stations which had been promised, and which, when practicable, had been displayed before him, the reception accorded him by those who sent again and again to beg his presence, the humility of their petitions, all inflamed his pride and his greed.

He had gone up the hill with the mighty in his train; he walked down it alone. He had looked upon the treasure and he must have it. He had tasted of the sweets; they must become his own. His feeling of anger at God was, in a certain sense, a covetousness of fame. Of him, says St. Jude, "*they ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward.*" And Balaam under the influence of this passion turns from God. So turning, can he find any resource in the promptings of his own evil imagination, by or through which he may achieve his end? Is there no way by which he may regain his lost prestige?

Now Balaam was an intensely worldly and therefore an extremely able man—your Balaams are always shrewd and politic. He knew that the prosperity of a nation, its welfare, its existence even, depends upon its spiritual and material purity, the deep sincerity and lofty simplicity of its religious convictions, and the high regard and steadfast reverence for its honour-

able women. He revolves in his crafty mind, so lately full of the glory of God, what he may do to attack the Israelites at these two vital points. By one happy stroke he establishes himself in favour with the king and accomplishes his purpose. The men of Israel are to be invited to participate in the shameless orgies of the worship of Baal-peor, they are to be pampered with banquets in which wine of libation and meat sacrificed to idols, always an abomination in God's sight, are to form the principal courses. When their moral strength is weakened and the religious safeguards are broken down, these hardy warriors, unused to luxury, are to be further disgracefully tempted by the beautiful and immoral women of Moab. Says St. John in Revelation, *"Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication."*

The plan worked well and Balaam received the reward for which his soul had yearned. And now we turn to a darker picture, last scene of all in this eventful history. A day of lost battle, a nation young, lusty, and strong, burning to avenge a temporary lapse into idolatry with the shame of a wave of impurity and its punishment, still rankling in its heart, falling upon a people

whose god was their lust, and blotting them out, destroying them from before the face of a tolerant and long-suffering God. And Balaam, the son of Beor, the whilom prophet, lying dead among the slain:

"Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never, Ah never!"

What dreadful antithesis is here? Glorifying God upon the mountain, smitten dead by His people upon that stricken field. And is this the reward of thy spells and divination, of thy schemes and worldly policy, O hesitating, vacillating, unbelieving prophet? Alas, even mad Cassandra found one believer in her prophecies —herself. This is so startling, so unexpected and wonderful that men in seeking an explanation have forgotten that the heavy indictment against Balaam stands charged against most of them to-day.

Balaam's sin was covetousness, and the two categories he represents to us under the opera-

tion of that sin are the sentimental and the unstable.

The sentimentalist—but mind you I am not decrying sentiment. It is generally the first step in religious life; it has been the inspiring or originating factor in almost every great enterprise. Conviction usually has a sentiment as its cornerstone. Gradgrind may make a success for himself but he can never head a great movement nor inspire a great people. But sentiment is distinct from the sentimental or the sentimentalist. This is one who is carried away by the influence of the moment, the stirring hymn, the fervent prayer, the eloquent appeal, the moving story, the awful warning, the pleading of some wife, the entreaty of some mother, the sorrow of some friend. The fickle heart is touched, the ready emotion rises from a shallow depth to the wavering surface. Of Israel, they have heard, "*The Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.*"

They want to be there, and then standing where a Moses has died upon some Nebo or Pisgah, they say: *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* This is the excitement which attends upon many so-called conversions. It is the feature of much that is not only unfortunate but pernicious in

revival systems. It is to be distinguished from the steady, if slower growth in the knowledge of God and the increase of grace which always rewards the earnest, resolute seeker after Him. Says the Master of these: "*And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth: but when the sun was up, it was scorched, and because it had no root, it withered away.*"

And again the sentimentalist is one who is religious for the gratification of the emotions. One who under pretence of wanting God to be near seeks an evidence of that nearness in the stimulation of the senses, not possibly in the lower understanding, but quite likely in the higher meaning of the word. These cannot realise that trouble is the maker of character, and the man with no sorrow cannot know what it is to be happy. Lastly the man who puts his religion on and off as a garment for Sundays, who prays on the Lord's day and cheats on man's, alas, this is Balaam, and pray who else may he be?

Now, all this is closely allied to the unstable, those who see the right, know it, realise it, and do it not, those whose first intentions are good but whose last endings are bad. This is the greater class and most of us are in it. The man

who allows the evil that is in him to get the better of the good, not temporarily but finally in the end, the Mr. Hyde who gets the upper hand, and this again is Balaam and his modern brother. *"O Reuben, unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."* And again, *"For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart."*

How well Balaam saw the right! How well we see it if we will! There is something in us, unless we have become thoroughly and entirely depraved, which tells us what is right. We are each of us conscious, if we are honest with ourselves, of what is right in our actions or wrong in our ways.

This is a Christian land. It holds to the Christian God and reveres the Christian Saviour. Ask any man you may meet and few will be found to deny it. We have the Christian conscience, too. We know what is right. The veriest savage makes a distinction, crude, limited, imperfect, still sufficiently definitive, between right and wrong, and yet with that knowledge we persist in wrongdoing. Possibly not wilfully, not grossly, but we do it. We argue with ourselves just as Balaam did, until we are persuaded that black is white and false is true. We persuade ourselves against God. He is not treating us right. Surely our petition was a

good one. He does not grant it; He is forgetting us. We turn away and then the trouble begins.

Again we are poor. We are troubled with poverty. We want riches and cannot honourably gain them. Our motives are so good; we could do so much for suffering humanity with riches, be so generous, so philanthropic, and there is just one little scruple, one little moral hindrance which intervenes. May we not disregard it?—'tis such a little thing to estop so much good.

Again in grosser forms, we must have the so-called good things of this world, we are in it now, the present is very real to us, the future is distant, shadowy, unknown, hopeless. God is an abstraction, Jesus a myth; let us enjoy the day. If God prevent us, so much the worse for God.

Again we desire honour and position, a good report among our fellows, rank and station. We wish to be esteemed, looked up to, regarded. Or we covet love. We want the esteem and affection and devotion of those near and dear to us. We long for the world's goods for them, for their comfort; with a true though perverted feeling of self-sacrifice, our thoughts are for another. Or we desire that illusive, glittering

mockery called fame. We wish to be spoken of, pointed at, pictured, and remembered. These are good, noble ambitions, but they do not honourably come in our way. We have been Christian, and have worshipped, followed, and pleaded with God, and He has not heard, or if He has, He has not heeded. His rewards have gone to another. Away with Him!

The temptation which approaches us with smiling face and the guise of apparent good to be accomplished is the most deadly. Many who are above the bluntly gross and base attacks of materialism yet succumb to this more subtle and concealed approach. The path of infamy is strewn with roses, the softest music, the sweetest fragrance, the balmiest air woos us forward; aye, even our guide of beauteous aspect and smiling mien will bear the semblance of a virtue, and with deceptive promise of future good, in merry, but bitter, mockery she leads us on. While upon the other side Integrity wrings her hands and Honour averts her eyes as we pass by; at the parting of the ways, we wittingly choose the baser path. When we have the opportunity we reject the Lord. *"Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even*

as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" We know the right but will have none of it.

Have I said enough, O Balaam and thy brethren of to-day? Is there in this story no touch of nature which makes him kin to you? And no warning? I believe you feel. I know you believe. Do not go out of the church door and let the sentiment for righteousness you now have lapse into a mere sentimental recollection. Do not, with the knowledge of the right way, the way of Jesus, the way of the Cross, the way of God, which I know you possess, choose the wrong. Let the voice of the preacher find one live heart in the wilderness upon which he may act and which will react upon him until both together are a little nearer God. It is for you and for myself I plead. You are hesitating, doubting, trembling, vacillating. From the prison of your error, like John of old, you send forth a messenger with the bitter cry: Lord, I am doubting you, I am not believing you, I am going to fall. Help!

That is the one prayer, not that is answered, all are answered in God's way, but the one to which we always hear and feel the answer; the one appeal, the reply to which we can always understand and comprehend. Choose you this,

my brother, my sister, or choose you that. Walk you in the way of Balaam, the son of Beor, or Moses, the friend of God? We know the end of the poor prophet, what he would be, what he was. Who shall tell us of our own?

BRIEF CONSIDERATIONS OF WEIGHTY MATTERS

PART · FOUR

GOLDEN SILENCE

I will keep my mouth with a bridle.—PSALMS xxxix, 1.

SOME ethnologists have endeavoured to place the cradle of the Aryan race in Lithuania and have maintained that there, rather than in India, the language begins. Whether this be true or not, certainly the ancient speech of Lithuania is one of the oldest of human tongues. The study of derivations as applied to language is one of the most fascinating which can engage our attention. History, science, art, evolution, to say nothing of folklore and fancy, are preserved by philology.

I have been looking up "restraint" and I find that one of its origins is an ancient Lithuanian word meaning to freeze, conveying the idea of absolute rigidity. This understanding lends emphasis to the word in modern usage. It seems to indicate that restraint originally referred to a power as inexorable and as ruthless as the cold. Of all substances ice is the most devoid of any quality that appeals. If there may be sympathy in the inanimate—as in the sunlight or the

flower—there can be none in the glacier, the iceberg, the frozen sea. They stand for absolute and unbreakable pitiless constraint, the absence of life, the dead as distinguished from the quick. A cold hell is infinitely more appalling than a hot one, if we only stop to think of it.

That is what restraint should mean, then, a cold, passionless, rigid control; a conquest of self, a self-mastery which commands personal powers, controls vices and exalts virtues; conquest over self, stern, irrevocable, overwhelming. And constraint in human affairs is necessary to success. Achievement is more often the result of self-control than any other quality. The necessity for self-control in every field of endeavour or expression is at once apparent to the thoughtful.

Shall I enlarge or diminish my sermon if I now limit restraint entirely to that little member called the tongue? Perhaps because speech is so easy there is more necessity for restraint and control in talk than in anything else. It cannot be gainsaid that we talk too much. As individuals this is true, and as the nation is simply the collected individuals it is equally true of the country. We talk too much about every subject under the sun. Sometimes I think the fate of the Athenians is before us. The nation which of all others has the proudest record in art, in let-

ters, in history, finally degenerated through its persistent gossip and gabble into a community whose national insignia, it was suggested by one of the satirists, should be a huge and waggling tongue! The Athenians were finally overthrown by a people not half so gifted as they, whose habit of reticence has passed into a proverb and given us the noble adjective "laconic."

As a nation and as individuals we have the fatal gift of fluency in a complex language constantly increasing and of vast flexibility; to this is added an exuberant fancy, facile modes of expression, and a constant desire to say something, even if it be something about nothing. Where two or three are gathered together in this country there is usually a speech called for and delivered, sometimes two or three, and more often than not it happens that the Lord is not present in the group either. If the number of addresses made in just one day on every conceivable subject, from the after-dinner effort to the stump speech, were tabulated the total would astonish humanity.

Not only do we talk too much but we read and write too much. Think of the reams of printed matter which are turned out by the presses and thrust before the readers on this Sunday morning, here and everywhere in the land. Nine-tenths of it serves no purpose whatever and is

of no value to anybody. We could get along a great deal better without it. We waste time in useless discussions, in considering subjects about which we know, and about which we wish to know, nothing. We are so busy with our tongues that our brains, either as talkers or talked to, are unable to keep the pace. We do not digest what we say or what we write, and we do not digest what we read or what we hear. We are as mad as Hamlet and over "Words, words, words." *Vox, et praeterea nihil!*

The great men of history have been silent men. The great nations of the world have been silent nations. Not because, in either case, they had nothing to say, but because they thought hard and long before they said or did things, and because they exercised the great quality of self-restraint, beginning in language, in spoken thought, and extending naturally therefrom in most other directions. The truly heroic is never garrulous; loquacity is as incongruous with a hero as fatness is with a saint. The greatest and most successful patriot of history—unless it be Washington—was that Dutch William of Orange, who was called the Silent. Von Moltke, the most eminent strategist of modern times—who did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, either, be it noted—was famous because he knew

how to be silent in heaven knows how many different tongues of which he was master.

Thought and expression are co-related, but the man who attempts to be all expression with no basis of thought soon comes to grief. There was something good in the Stoic. He endured in silence. There is something to admire in the fatalism of the Orient which suffers and gives no sign. There is more majesty in the silence of the Son of Man before His accusers than there would have been in a wilderness of oratory, a torrent of defence. David, betrayed by Amasa, his beloved son Absalom in rebellion against him, smitten by a sore illness, broken by the consciousness of a hideous sin, which, though repented of and atoned for, still carried its punishment, as even repented sins will and must; David, reviled, mocked, falsely accused; David, a fugitive, rejected where he had been acclaimed, shamed where he had been honoured, put a bridle in his mouth and kept silence, yea, even from good words, though it was pain and grief to him. *"Be still,"* was the great command of old, *"and know that I am God."*

Let us stop talking about anything and everything and nothing a little space, withdraw ourselves from the world awhile, even though we refrain from good words, to our pain and grief,

and take thought. Let us see with how few words we can get along, and let us strive to have great thoughts of God and man back of our simple expressions. Let us cultivate the style of silence. Bridle the tongue, wrench it till it bleeds, so we can control it absolutely and give the mind a chance in the time thus saved.

Talleyrand said that speech was meant to conceal thought. That was Talleyrand's perverted idea. It was a good thing for him that he had something with which to conceal his thoughts, for he was one of the most ignoble characters who have ever glossed over lying and treachery by calling it diplomacy. But speech is meant to express thought. It is one of God's noblest gifts to men. It distinguishes us from the animal, provided we use it wisely, provided it has thought back of it. The gossiping, gabbing, eternally talking man, whose words are as shallow as the babbling brook, is entitled to no more respect than a chattering monkey. Take time to think, then. There is no thought without time, there can be no wisdom without silence.

There was silence in heaven once for half an hour. When there shall be silence on earth for some similar cause there will be a heaven here.

FRAGMENTS

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—St. John vi, 12.

THE day was far spent; the night was at hand. The great multitudes which had followed Jesus out into the country were ready to disperse to seek shelter until the morrow. Multiplied by the Bread Giving Hand, the five small cakes and two tiny fishes had satisfied the hunger of the five thousand. With words of thanksgiving and praise they were about to depart. The disciples had gathered around the Master to accompany Him to some evening resting-place. There yet remained, however, in the mind of Christ something to be done. A few words conveyed His desire to them:—"*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*"

In them is found one of the most precious and comforting thoughts of the divine revelation. In the economy of God nothing is wasted. Christ, despised and rejected of men, knew the futility and folly of human contempt. He knew the worth of the thing for which nobody cares,

which every one disdains. The fragments, in the eyes of the satisfied multitude, in the eyes even of the chosen few, were worth nothing. They were to be thrown aside, abandoned, trodden under foot of men. But Christ knew that they would feed some hungry souls who had not enjoyed the advantages of the five thousand in being in close touch with Him. He knew their use. The material providence in His thought suggests the spiritual providence in His soul. *"If God so clothe the grass of the field . . . shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"*

Here is a wretched woman of the town, painted, tawdry, brazen; here is a poor, ground-down, stunted, ill-nourished toiler; here is a sickly, ignorant, impudent child of the slums; here is an idle, selfish, depraved woman of fashion; here is a hard, bitter, conscienceless procurer of child labour; here is a wretched, perverted bomb thrower; here is a bloodless, soulless, heartless oppressor of industry—human fragments, worthless in the eyes of good men, to be trodden under foot ruthlessly, or to be dealt with rigorously by the law on either hand. What does Christ say about them?

We are all made in the image of God. God has a right to expect from each one of us a repre-

sentation of Himself. What broken, mutilated monsters we show to the all-seeing eye of the Father? If we could see with His power of vision, with what horror we would shrink from the images presented, what disgust would fill our souls! Yet God wants every one of those human fragments. Christ's prayer, Christ's hope, was that none of them might be lost. The image may be distorted and marred, but it is still God's image. There is some of the divine in every human being. Men cannot see it, but God can. He would fain have nothing lost, and nothing will be lost unless it deliberately loses itself.

What is the lesson of this comprehensive, inclusive prayer—nay, command of Christ? It is the old lesson of kindness one to another, of gentle consideration of our fellows, of trying to discover the good in humanity rather than exploit the bad. It is a condemnation of arrogance and self-satisfaction. It is a lesson of brotherhood in its active sense. It says to us, "Judge not."

"*Gather up the fragments.*" Ah, gentle reader, are you not, after all, only a fragment yourself for God's gathering?

LET'S BE DECENT

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—PSALMS XC, 12.

TWO bluejackets from the ill-fated gunboat *Bennington* lay side by side in the hospital, both mortally injured. In his unbearable torments one poor fellow raved and blasphemed. The other was made of nobler stuff. "Hold hard, shipmate," he said, "it will soon be over. We've got but little time to live. Let's be decent."

Pain and anguish unbalance the normal mind. I remember once in camp in Chickamauga during the war to have seen a venerable loving mother—a good Christian woman in ordinary life—hanging over the deathbed of her only son, and she a widow, raving and blaspheming against God and man in her bereavement. There was nothing I could do or say to comfort her, to bring her to her senses, for a long time. The suddenness of the shock, the magnitude of her loss had unbalanced her. I did not condemn her. I knew she was not herself. Nor have I any words of censure for the poor, tortured sailor who broke

down under such fearful pressure. He died in the line of duty, and God will know how to deal with him. "Duty," said Robert E. Lee, "is the noblest word in the language." However, our charity toward the one who gave way to his feelings need not prevent us from admiring the quiet resolution, the heroic courage, the fine endurance of the other.

Every catastrophe that oppresses man seems to bring out the heroic in man. It is such things that lighten the darkness, that diminish the horror, and that make the tear we drop one of pride as well as of sorrow. The hero of that occasion is the poor, plain, common—no, uncommon—sailor who tried to be decent. May we not believe him to be "in God's still memory folded deep" forever?

Life is but a little period. There totters by my door once in a while a venerable man of ninety-five years. "A great age," says one. Yet in the larger total of the flooding centuries it is but a trifle. This earth has swung on its axis through eons of time. To Him to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night, the longest life is an infinitesimal space of time. The word of the brave sailor takes on a new significance in the presence of that God who has made our days, as it were, but

a span long and before whom our age is even as nothing. The longest lived of us have a short time to stay here. Let us be decent while we are here! Could there be a nobler aspiration?

"Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

The Romans had a habit in their festive moments of introducing a slave who cried:—"*Memento Mori*" ("Remember Death!") We are but a short time here. We shall have another and longer life when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. While we live let us be decent! "Work," runs the old song, "for the night is coming when man's work is o'er." Just exactly what will come to us in the beyond no man can tell. Perhaps there may still be work for man—I hope so. But of this we may be sure—that we shall meet our Pilot face to face when we have "crossed the bar." And this much every man may further confidently assert—as we have been decent in the shorter life, so we shall be happier in the longer. Therefore:—

"Let's be decent!"

TOOL RATHER THAN WEAPON

Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong.—JOEL iii, 10.

And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—MICAH iv, 3.

IN the texts cited there is as flat a contradiction as you will find in the Scriptures.

In the world, at least since it became sufficiently civilized to cultivate the fields, to build houses, and to clothe itself, there have always been two armies, an army of workers and an army of fighters. The former, generally against its will, has supported the latter. The interests of these two aggregations of men have been set off one against the other; more soldiers, fewer workers; more workers, fewer soldiers; more swords, fewer ploughshares; more pruning hooks, fewer spears. The struggle of the ages has been between the industrial and the military armies; the one to shake off, the other to hold down.

Does the Bible give us no choice between

these? Has it no counsel which may not be balanced by other counsel to enable us to decide? Is it a matter of indifference in the Scriptures whether the weapon shall be forged into the tool or the tool beaten out into the weapon?

There can be but one answer to these questions. In the first place, if we balance text against text we learn that the preponderance of authority is in favour of the survival of the tool, for the word of Micah is repeated by Isaiah in substantially identical language, while Joel stands alone. Therefore, the weight of evidence, even in the Old Testament, is as two to one.

Joel was probably the first of the prophets; Micah and Isaiah came afterward. They represent higher states of spiritual development, therefore, if we are to postulate the operation of the law of progress in divine revelation as in everything else. And the estimation in which the two are held may be shown if in no other way by the citations in the New Testament from these two ancient writers. There is little quoted from Joel that bears upon Christ; there is much from Micah and much more still from Isaiah, so that the unconscious spirit of Him who included peacemaking as one of the cardinal works of His religion is more accurately set forth and typified in the newer prophets than in the older one. The

fierce zeal of the ancient religion is tempered, without the loss of any of its intense energy, by the gentler spirit of the new. And, judging the teaching of Christ fairly, while He did say that He came not to send peace, but a sword, everything in His life and death exemplified His own injunction: *"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God."* That last, by the way, was His own highest title.

Perhaps the realisation of that prophecy is not yet apparent, but its accomplishment is absolutely certain in the end. So-called Christian people are really only half-Christian now, and I am doubtful as to whether even the low ratio claimed may not be too great. When they are further advanced in their appreciation of the Master, regiments will be mustered out, armaments will disappear, battleships will be laid up on the scrap heap, rifles will be stacked and parked in the armouries, and the men who are now drawn from the producing class and supported by the forced toil of others will enlist in the great host of those who earn their bread in the way which makes it taste the sweetest, in the sweat of their faces.

ON FATHERS

I go to the Father.—St. John xvi, 16.

FIVE times, including once parenthetically, did Jesus declare in His last discourse to His disciples in the upper chamber before His betrayal that He was going to His Father. The circumstances of the delivery of these words of farewell were peculiar. The disciples, inadequate as was their anticipation of what was toward, were yet filled with forebodings of disaster. Being human and not realising all that was involved, there must have been in their minds a leaven of hope. These things that they vaguely dreaded could not occur. Something would happen; some power would intervene; they should yet see the Messiah triumphant on a throne rather than a cross. Yet their hearts were doubtless heavy with premonitions of despair as they listened. There was no vagueness about Jesus' grasp of the situation. He knew that He would have to drain the cup to the dregs. It was even then at His lips. Yet He did not allow this knowledge to overwhelm Him. He agonised in

the garden and on the Cross, but He never absolutely and entirely gave way.

I like to believe that one of the thoughts which sustained Him in that hour was that, no matter how terrible the way, how long the *via dolorosa,* how awful the gateway of the Cross at the end, He was going to the Father. It seems to add the divinest and sweetest touch to His humanity when we think that this was in His mind when He repeated again and again that simple statement. His work was almost over, although its most terrible hours were to come, although its greatest demand was to be met, yet there was light at the end, for He was going to the Father. He could not refrain as a man from telling the disciples that over and over.

How the mind of Joseph, lord of lower and upper Egypt, the vicegerent of the world, went back to that old man, his father in Palestine. How the mind of that young spendthrift, whose name is a synonym for prodigality and filial disrespect, turned from his place with the swine to his father, standing on the hill and looking down the long road waiting for his boy's return; how the mind of man turns to his earthly father. We hear a great deal about mothers; fathers have a place in our affections, have they not?

Jesus went to His Father; the prodigal went

also to his father, so we may go to our Father which art in heaven. There is this difference between our going and Christ's going. He went alone, save that the Father was with Him. When we go now the Father is with us in His love and Jesus is with us in His brotherhood. We cannot go alone. And there is no experience which we can go through in our progress toward the Father which is not exceeded in bitterness by that through which our Saviour passed. Because of Him anybody and everybody can go to the Father, except the wilful, persistent, determined sinner who won't go.

You can go to the Father with the guilt of murder on your soul, but you cannot go to the Father with the spirit of anger in your heart. You can go to Him red-handed if you go to Him repentant, and through Christ you can go to Him regenerated and redeemed. You will have to pay the penalty for your actions here, but if you are spiritually changed the payment here is all that will be exacted. So that every human being who desires can look forward in his hour of trial as well as in his day of triumph to a welcome from the Father.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH MEN

And how dieth the wise man? As the fool!—ECCLESIASTES ii, 16.

WITHIN one month recently four men whose careers well illustrate some of the more striking phases of American life and character passed through the grave and gate of death to whatsoever reward there may be for all their labours under the sun.

The life of the first was a complete and total failure from every point of view; a betrayer of trust, a dishonest administrator, an iniquitous speculator, a thief and a robber, his defalcations were suddenly found out and he ended his life by suicide. His firm failed for some three millions of dollars and dragged down into irretrievable ruin many smaller firms and innocent investors.

The second man was a success from one point of view, the material. He amassed a fortune of more than fifteen millions of dollars and kept most of it to the end. He flourished like the proverbial green bay tree and died in possession

of his ill-got gains, for every dollar had a blood mark or a slime mark on it. Yet he was one of the most colossal failures American life has produced. "He failed as a husband, and his wife left him; he failed as a citizen, and went to jail; he failed as a business man, and was blackballed by the leading clubs of the world." Realising all this, he made what amends he could by leaving his fortune to charity and the people whom he had robbed.

The third man died in possession of one of the three or four greatest fortunes in the world. Not one dollar of the great sum was tainted money. It was all gained by business methods, that were not only legally correct, legitimate, but that are approved by honourable, high-minded, right-thinking men. He was a constructive, not a destructive, force. He did not make his way to success over other men's failures, through other men's sorrows. His pathway was not blazed by the ruin of his competitors. He crushed no one. He helped men. He was a living illustration of the fact that a man can be an honourable, high-souled Christian gentleman and citizen and succeed. His death evoked a spontaneous and universal tribute to his character and worth. If he leaves no dollar to charity his life will have been of vastly greater value

than the man who made the Biblical atonement by giving away the millions he could not take with him.

The last man was a student, but a student of the word of God. A Christian preacher, he was sometimes referred to as "an unpractical schoolmaster." Men gave him money practically without stint or limit and told him to build a great institution of learning. But money alone cannot create a university, though it may provide the grounds and buildings and their equipment and endow professorships.

> "Roots, trees, and branches
> Singly perfect may be;
> Clapt hodge-podge together
> They don't make a tree!"

That schoolmaster put the soul into the attempt. He gave it the life principle, his own. It is his personal monument rather than that of the money givers. This last man was a servant of Christ indeed, and one who, as he says, gave his best thought to the expounding of God's holy word rather than to the great university. He died poor in riches, but rich in poverty. The world rises to do honour to his simple and abiding faith, his sublime courage, his noble, uncomplaining resignation.

These four men lived yesterday and died today. Wise or foolish alike they came to an end. Yet there are between them great differences. The suicide, the successful failure, the upright Christian business man, the great thinker and educator constitute a remarkable quartet, preaching a gospel which needs no words of mine to elucidate. Yes, the wise and the foolish come to the same end, but afterward the wise will go one way, the foolish another. What will be your end and afterward what will be your way?

ZEAL AND KNOWLEDGE

A zeal for God, but not according to knowledge.—ROMANS, x, 2.

IN the minds of many people sincerity, or earnestness of purpose, or conviction of rectitude, is a justification for almost any sort of action. "I believe, therefore I do," is the syllogism of most humble philosophers. "He is so sincere," we say; "therefore he must be excused."

But it is only abstractly speaking that we admit this. When the consequences of exterior actions touch us personally and unpleasantly we are apt to lose sight of the theory. Theory and practice diverge nowhere so widely as in the Christian religion.

Sincerity without knowledge—which is better than insincerity without knowledge—is a very dangerous criterion to establish by which to determine character. As with sincerity, so with zeal. Zeal, to be of value in God's sight, must be according to knowledge. Alas! it usually is not. The most zealous people have often—nay,

have usually—been the most ignorant, or the most perverted and mistaken. Perversion and error are the worst forms of ignorance.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, the other day this thought came powerfully to me as I stood looking at St. Gaudens' statue of Deacon Chapin, one of the founders of the community, a Puritan of the Puritans. There he stood in his peaked hat, his long cloak, his severely plain attire, with his Bible in one hand, his rod in the other, cast in enduring, weather-beaten bronze, which accorded well with his grim, stern, and forbidding countenance. He typified a class of men whose zeal for God was certainly tremendous, who, by the exercise of that zeal, stamped themselves, their beliefs, and their habits upon the pages of history with such everlasting force that their influence persists in large measure to this day.

Certainly the men who flogged the Quakers at the cart's tail and executed the so-called witches in that free country where they had "established a church without a bishop and a government without a king" could not be accused of lukewarmness. I do not love the Puritan, but I respect him. He did much good in his way, and the good on the whole greatly overbalanced the harm. There is something respectable about

zeal, even if it is not according to knowledge. But how much better it would have been for humanity, and how much more good could have been done, if that fiery energy for God expressed by the terse monosyllable "zeal" had been accompanied by adequate knowledge of Him!

"Other times, other manners!" Modern ethics have tempered much of the strenuous energy with which we enter upon the problems and pursuits of life. On that pleasant Sunday morning in Springfield I noticed with joy that three or four children had clambered up on the broad stone pedestal supporting the uncompromising deacon in bronze and were playing cheerfully behind his inflexible cloak and around his unyielding legs. Like Benedick, nobody marked them, save in amused pleasure. Yet I could imagine the shudders which might have run up and down that bronzed Puritan backbone at such a desecration of the Sabbath day.

We have indeed changed, but in the general amelioration of conduct and ideals we have lost something. Our religion is somewhat emasculated. It is too dainty. The naked ugliness of sin is concealed. We consider it more polite and refined to drape and cover up shames and shams, and frauds, and wickednesses of every kind, rather than sternly to expose and rebuke

them. We want more virility and more strength in religion and life. "Life is real, life is earnest," though we may smile at the pleasant poet's familiar words.

Fire and brimstone preaching in the pulpit has vanished, perhaps never to appear again—except in country districts maybe—but no real, genuine, if tempered, strength has come to take its place. Let us go back and strive to acquire some of the ancient zeal, only let it be according to knowledge—knowledge of God, His plans, His purposes, His intentions, His hopes, His aspirations for humanity. Let us go back and seek for the good in the Puritan, that which was permanent and lasting in his character, which made him such a tremendous force after all for righteousness, and unite it with our modern conception of God's love and God's charity, which, after all, is as old as nineteen centuries, dating from a Cross, and apply that combination to the solution of the ills of the present, and let us see what the results would be.

Of all the people described in the Bible, the Laodiceans, who were neither cold nor hot, are the most unpleasant and unsatisfactory. Do not be a Laodicean. Do not be a Puritan, either, but be a man whose zeal for God is according to the knowledge and the love of God as well, a zealous

Christian. And remember that in the concordance to the Bible language if "abase" is the first word "zeal" is the last! There is something striking about that, I think.

THE CURSE IMPOSED AND LIFTED

And there shall be no more curse.—Revelation xxii, 3.

THAT Genesis should be related to Revelation, although sixteen hundred years of time, with all their development and change, separated them, is a thing at once striking and inexplicable except on the hypothesis that some great power saw to it that through the pages one increasing purpose ran. Nowhere is this relationship more strangely and strikingly shown than in the consideration of that with which the Bible begins and ends.

Genesis, after a poetic and beautiful description of the creation of men and things, begins with the curse that was laid upon mankind. However it may be accounted for theologically or philosophically, the fact that the world has been cursed is easily apparent. It is also undisputed that man in some dim, dumb, inchoate way has always striven to lift the curse, and it is equally true that as age has succeeded age some amelioration of conditions has gone on, very unsatisfac-

torily at first and with meagre results considering the vast expenditure of life and effort. But it has gone on and it is going on. That is evolution.

But the gift which actually made it possible in any practicable way to lift the curse upon man is Jesus Christ. In His life, in His example, in His teachings are to be found the only possible means of really greatly bettering the world, and in proportion as they are perceived more clearly, entered into more thoroughly, understood and practised more obediently the work progresses.

Some day dirt and disease will disappear. Some day poverty and inequality will be done away with. Some day lust and greed will be forgotten. Some day love and light will prevail. Some day the curse of these things and of whatever drags men down shall be lifted. This is not inference. It is the direct, positive, unequivocal statement of the Lord. It is a declaration from God Himself, through Jesus Christ, His Son, uttered in the last recorded words He addressed to the children of men when He spoke to St. John in the visions of Patmos.

Amid wondrous declarations, in the form of allegory, concerning the New Jerusalem, which is held before man's hope, there is one plain, grim, simple line thrown amid the poetry, stamped

across its mysticism like a bar of steel laid on the petal of a flower. Abrupt, almost harsh in its lack of harmony with all that goes before, and yet the more tremendously impressive for that very fact, for almost the last word of Jesus to His children which you may find in the last chapter of Revelation, is the explicit declaration that "*There shall be no more curse.*"

I think that the very fact that the Bible begins with a curse and ends with its lifting is one of the most tremendous of the many marvellous divine attributes of the great volume.

The world reeling on in its dim, blind way, reaching after God, lifting up the bleeding hands of toil and struggle in petition, its sweat-covered brow lighted by hope, with what patience it can summon in its throbbing heart, is enabled to proceed because it has the promise of the Word of God, Who is absolute truth, that some day, in His own good time, the curse under which man has always laboured shall be lifted once and for all.

Speed that day, Lord, and in the meanwhile let us all here in our several stations do what we can with Thee for our help, our inspiration, our guide, to lift the curse upon our brethren and ourselves now, to-day.

NOBODY'S DOG

Am I my brother's keeper?—GENESIS iv, 9.

THE other day the aristocratic calm of the boulevard on which I live was broken by a dog fight; I would better say by the mobbing of a stray cur by the dogs of the neighbourhood. As the outrage upon the stranger occurred in my presence, I entered the fray myself and with the aid of a big stick succeeded in disintegrating the canine mob and effecting the release of the under dog, which had been well chewed by as many of the others as could get hold of convenient portions of his anatomy. After my successful interference, I judged it fit and opportune to make a few vigorous remarks to a large body of idle men who had witnessed the fracas with uproarious amusement. They received my heart-to-heart talk in an amazed silence which was finally broken by a faint protest couched in these words, "'Tain't my dog, Doctor." That is the modern and up-to-date variation of the answer that Cain would have made

to his own insolent questioning remonstrance to Almighty God.

Here is a little boy born in a tenement. In this land of independence he has no birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. His surroundings would moult the feathers of an arch-angel and contaminate the soul of a saint. What difference does it make? "'Tain't my dog," says the world which passes him by. He grows up into a drunkard, a thief, a murderer, and the law swoops down upon him at last. Why not? He is nobody's dog.

The little girl, his sister, develops under exactly the same conditions. Presently she reaches a worse prison than any that may contain her brother, a painted, wretched, whited sepulchre, she wanders forlornly the streets of the town. The world scorns her. Why not? She is nobody's dog.

Sometimes by God's Providence, certainly not by man's, the boy and the girl do manage to grow up with decent ideas and, considering the soil from which they sprang as a basis to measure elevation, the loftiest ideals of humanity.

The conditions under which they must earn their livelihood honestly—frequently that some one else may get his livelihood dishonestly—are so often appalling that only the heroic can sur-

vive them. Is there any change that the world can make? None it will make. Why should it? They are nobody's dogs.

But Christ came to help just that kind of people. He was poor; He was hard-worked. Unspotted Himself, He knew the temptations and the trials, the conditions of the underworld. Men said those days, as to-day, as they looked contemptuously on the down-trodden, the depraved, the wretched, the incompetent, "'Tain't my dog." He said to the high and to the rich, to the wise and to the learned, "*He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her.*"

Not charity but love is the great resolvent. My brother, my sister, everybody on this earth who is down is your dog. Nay, he is more than that. He is your brother, and you are and always will be his keeper, and some day you will have to stand up and look God in the face and admit it. You would better do it now.

ELDAD AND MEDAD

Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them.—NUMBERS xi, 29.

I WONDER how many of my readers ever heard of these two worthies? It is true they are mentioned but once in the Sacred Scriptures and that they played a small part on the occasion of their solitary appearance, yet they gave opportunity for a very splendid utterance by a great man, and for that they should be held in grateful remembrance. There are always people who look askance upon those who do not fellowship with them, who are outside of the particular fold in which they enclose themselves, who are not entirely and completely affiliated with the army in which they are enlisted, and for such people the story of Eldad and Medad points a moral.

On one very important occasion, Moses and the seventy Elders who had been appointed as rulers of the people, were called to receive a divine revelation from the indwelling presence of Almighty God in the pillar of cloud in the

Tabernacle without the camp. All of the little band presented themselves except two. What was the cause of the absence of these two is not told us. We can infer, however, that the reasons for their non-appearance were imperative and creditable.

As a result of this divine visitation the spirit of prophecy rested upon the sixty-eight and they prophesied then and there before the Tabernacle and did not cease. Prophecy, you understand, was not necessarily foretelling but praying, preaching, exhorting, expounding, explaining; and doubtless those who were gathered about the group of Elders were much edified and uplifted.

The solemnity of the scene was disturbed by the advent of a young man, who came running from the camp and appeared before Moses, panting and excited, with the statement that the two missing Elders, Eldad and Medad, were prophesying in the camp away from the Tabernacle, outside of the fold, not in the Holy place, not with the organisation!

Now it happened that Joshua the son of Nun, described at that time as the servant of Moses, whose leadership was potential, not actual, moved by a zeal for God which I am forced to believe was not according to knowledge, took it upon himself to urge the lawgiver to prevent

and forbid this unauthorised, extra-canonical, not to say illegal prophesying on the part of Eldad and Medad. Moses' answer to his subordinate's suggestion deserves to be placed high among the deliverances of that great law-giver. I can imagine him turning upon Joshua a look of gentle reproof, as he raised his voice so that his decision should be audible to all who had heard the issue made, saying to him, *"Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."*

Fifteen hundred years later, St. Paul in somewhat different language said the same thing at Philippi to those who had complained of unauthorised preaching outside of the fold. *"What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."*

My brethren, let the Spirit of the Lord descend upon whom He will; and as for the preaching outside of the camp, welcome it, delight in it, pray for it, acknowledge that though it transcends human limitations, it is still of God and hath its place and work.

IN MEMORIAM

A book of remembrance was written before him.—MALACHI iii, 16.

YOUTH lives in the future; age in the past. The torch of hope illumines the path of the untried. By the light of the lamp of experience, with many a backward glance to the way over which he has passed, the old man gropes painfully on into the waiting darkness. Anticipation is the joy of the young; retrospection of the old.

The estimate you put upon the power of remembrance depends upon the point of view from which you survey it. When all of life is before recollection naturally plays a small part, but it looms larger with every passing year. In such an hour, on such an occasion, in such a scene as this, it has a double significance. It distributes pleasure and pain with an impersonal, impartial hand. We remember, especially when the matter be formally presented to us, those "loved long since and lost a while." We look back into "the dear, dead days beyond recall" and long for "the

touch of a vanished hand." Our ears are attuned to the music of the infinite and we crave the sound of voices that are, we fondly say, forever still.

As we grow older and lonelier, as the associations of the past, as the comrades of earlier days fall away from us and we strive to bring them back in fond memory's light, our thoughts are covered with deeper shadows. Perhaps we sigh for that backward turning of the fleeting years and long to be children again just for a night. We want some mother's hand upon our hot and fevered brows, we wish some father's word of counsel in the fearful hollow of our ears. We desire the handclasp of some true and trusted comrade and friend. Perhaps there is more sympathy, more expression, in the clasp of a hand than in any other manifestation of human affection. As we stand on the pinnacle of the present and look down into the dark valley of the past there are hands stretched out to us which we would give all the world to grasp.

"Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;
Hands that you, father, close hid in your own;
Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid;

Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness
knew;
Hands that you, wife, wrung with bitter
adieu."

We know too sadly that there will be no possibility of human touch with these until hands are clasped in joy unspeakable in that better country, which is an heavenly.

The bitterness of parting which never wholly dies away comes back with every anniversary as to-day, and therefore we are sad and heavy-hearted. And we are sad and heavy-hearted for another reason, not only because we have loved and lost, but because we made such misuse of our opportunities, because we so little appreciated those whom we mourn. While they were here, we did not show our friendship as we should have done. We took much and gave little; we took all and gave nothing.

There is no sadder moment comes to a human being than when he looks into a dead face and wishes for one moment to explain the unkind word, the unkind deed, that broke some uncomplaining heart. How small in that hour seem the things that divided, how foolish the differences, how petty the strifes.

"And I think in the lives of most women and
men,

There's a moment when all would go smooth
and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven."

To be forgiven? Ah, no, to come back and to forgive us.

You mourn dead comrades and associates here to-day, but there is no limiting your sorrow to a few of your order. The dead are linked together even as the living and the thought of one brings up another. You mourn in this hour all within your recollection who have passed beyond. Did you always treat them in such a way that you dwell with gladness upon the remembrance now? In the balance struck between you and the dead do not the living generally fill the debit side? Do you not owe, rather than are owed, kindness, consideration, friendship, love?

Not long ago a clergyman of the Church died. He was a quiet, unassuming, modest, retiring man, filling a small station. He had been a teacher, a helper, a guide to many who had risen high in the Church. He had been able to impart to them something which he could not make use of himself. From all parts of the country they came to his funeral, bishops, priests, and laymen, many of great personal distinction and fame. After they had laid him away in his own church-

yard, they met in the little rectory to draw up the usual resolutions of regret and condolence, which in this case were in no wise perfunctory. And before they did so, man after man rose and bore tribute to the character of their departed friend. In glowing words they told the story of what he had been to them, how he had helped them, what inspiration he had given them, how unreservedly he had poured out himself for their benefit. And a white-faced woman, her eyes heavy with tears, stood silently in the doorway listening. Presently she broke out in this bitter question: "If you loved him this way, why didn't you tell him so before he died?"

If there be any lesson in an hour of this kind, it is a lesson which says, Be kind, be considerate, be gentle, be forbearing, be forgiving before it is too late. That we have not been these things and that it is too late deepens the sadness. After all, gentlemen and friends, that is altogether the saddest part of such an occasion.

On the other hand, there is also joy in such an event as this, and it is found in recalling the splendid qualities, the high and noble attributes, the tender and loving aspects of relationships that after all are only interrupted a little while by that we call death.

What splendid inspiration is there in the dead!

I do not always say *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* It is sometimes good for humanity to remember the evil of the dead and the punishment thereof. Sometimes the greatest lesson is to be found in such revelations, but thoughts like these need not concern us here. We will dwell in love upon the good, the true, and the beautiful. We will think with the compassionate God and Father of us all, with the loving and tender-hearted Christ, His Son, with the strengthening, healing, upbuilding spirit of God of those who are gone before, confident that we look upon them not as men without hope but with the full assurance of immortality, which will be personal and real and in which we ourselves may share. Especially may we now press home to ourselves this truth in this Resurrection's tide with all the gracious promise of a blessed, a happy, an immortal future.

And with these three thoughts, brief, disconnected, broken like the tenures and friendships of our earthly existence, I close. We are sad because we have lost, we are sadder because we have not appreciated and responded, but we joy in the recollection of past friendships and in the confident hope of future meetings.

"For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore

Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
They are gone who seemed so great.

Gone, but nothing can bereave them
Of the force they made their own
Being here, and we believe them
Something far advanced in state,
And that they wear a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave them.

Speak no more of their renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave them,
God accept them, Christ receive them!"

THE LIFE EVERLASTING

A CLOSING ASSURANCE

Fear not; I am the First and the Last: I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.—REVELATION i, 17 and 18.

THERE is perhaps no more splendid text in the Scriptures than that which I have chosen. Again and again, the great minds of the Church have used it as the basis of splendid appeal. Wherever men have saluted the Risen Lord and preached His Gospel since His Resurrection, this has been a favourite text. There is no end to its content and every word of it is pregnant with meaning.

The book in which it is written is aptly styled the Climax of Revelation. Well is it named *Apocalypse.*

"It carries us forward from narrative to prophecy, from facts to truths, from present conditions to permanent issues. It crowns the story of redemptive agencies with a vision of redemptive achievements. It is a book of completions,

of finishing touches, of final results. It takes up the broken threads of history and weaves them into the fabric of eternity. It turns our gaze from what has been and is around us, to what is and shall be before us. Above all, it advances our thought from the Christ of history to the Christ of eternity. It translates for us the Man of sorrows into the crowned and conquering Lord of a supreme spiritual empire."

These hidden things are revealed through the medium of the great Apostle of the Vision. Yet the living Christ is the same Jesus that men knew.

"The human brow is visible through the Divine halo. The hand that grasps the sceptre bears the nail marks of the tragedy. His eyes, albeit that John saw them as flaming fires, recall the teardrops which fell at Bethany and over Jerusalem. And it is the Christ Himself that throws into the promise these lineaments of His humanity. He permits us to look at His crown, but while as yet we turn to look at it, He lifts before us the vision of His cross. He unveils for us the splendours of His throne, aye, and He bids us to look at the steps which lead up to it, and at the inscriptions which they bear."

Further let it be noted that when speaking to His people through the Prophet Isaiah, the Evangelist of the ancient dispensation, eight hun-

dred and fifty years before John dreamed dreams and saw visions at Patmos, the Everlasting and Eternal God thrice described Himself as *"The First and the Last."* The Risen Christ, speaking of Himself calmly, without hesitation, without question, described Himself in exactly the same way. As He employs the same title, He claims the same worship. He *"thought it not robbery to be equal with God,"* you see.

Richard of St. Vincent comments thus on this sublime assertion and association of Jesus with His Father:

"I am the First and the Last. First through creation, last through retribution. First, because before me God was not formed; last, because after me there shall not be another. First, because all things are from me; last, because all things are of me; from me the beginning, to me the end. First, because I am the cause of origin, last, because I am the judge and the end."

In the great revelation of this text, Jesus tells John many things; what He was—FIRST. *"Before Abraham was, I am,"* said He. *"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God,"* so John sets it forth. He tells John what He became after His Incarnation—DEAD. *"He humbled himself*

and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross," as St. Paul puts it. He tells John what He is—THE LIVING ONE. He was everything to His Disciples here. *"Lord, to whom shall we go?"* they asked Him, *"Thou hast the words of eternal life."* He is still everything to His Disciples hereafter. *"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul!"* He said. He tells John what offices He had—HE KEPT THE KEYS OF DEATH AND HELL. *"All power is given unto me in heaven and earth,"* He declares. Lastly He tells John what He shall be—THE LAST. Death itself shall be destroyed, the last enemy in the final end.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

He is even now exalted into the Heaven of Heavens, seated upon the Right Hand of God, yet He remains what He was. He is not indifferent to the struggles, not disregardful of the appeals, not unresponsive to the aspirations, not

failing to be cognizant of the sighs, not unconcerned for the sorrows, not omitting to rejoice in the joys of us all. God of God, Light of Light, now and forever, yet still the Babe of Bethlehem, the Child in Egypt, the Carpenter at Nazareth, the Homeless Wanderer about Judea, the Prophet of Galilee, the Sufferer on Calvary.

He is not dead, He is risen. He will not, He cannot, die again. We may look for Him, hope for Him, expect Him. Because He lives we shall live. Because He lives ours shall live. The Life everlasting and the power of it for us all.

"Several hundred years ago some men and women gathered around a Southern harbour and they saw three small ships weigh anchor and spread sail and stand out to sea. They watched them as the hulls disappeared, as the sails dipped, as all faded from sight, but whether into the blue heavens above or whether still sailing in the sea below, who could tell? Months after in distant Western islands, men wondered whether they were missed at home. In Italian and Spanish homes, longing wives and wistful sisters asked, 'Where are they? our husbands and our brothers, float they still on the blue sea? faded they into the great blue heaven?' So our fathers, they that have been, have passed from sight and floated into the great blue heaven, but they are a mightier host than their sons. They think of the sons behind, we think of the fathers before;

and thought and faith and hope reach o'er that mighty ocean and grasp the vision of the mighty dead still living because Christ lives."

Aye, His is Life Everlasting. I propose to put aside all these things we have considered so briefly, forget for the moment the vast possibilities the text presents, and consider that one single phrase of it—I am alive forevermore—the Life Everlasting.

And in the beginning let us admit that at first we are not quite sure whether eternal existence is altogether desirable. We have all of us sung with peculiar zest Muhlenberg's famous hymn, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," which has been rather unaccountably removed from our Hymnal. We are not quite certain as to the significance of the Psalmist's plaintive appeal that the Lord would let him know his end, and certify to him the number of the days he had to live. Whether that was anxiety over the possible shortness of those days or anxiety over their length because he fain would not postpone the termination thereof, we cannot say. Of course the question will be looked at by different people from different points of view, and by the same people differently at various stages of being. Life is a pleasant thing to youth, health, strength, ambition, opportunity, and freedom from care. It is not

quite so agreeable when any one of these things is lacking and it grows less and less agreeable in proportion as more of them are lacking.

"We are so tired, my heart and I,
* * * * * *
Tired of sowing the barren grain,
Tired of taking the useless pain
Of the futile faith, the unheeded word,
And the weary sickness of hope deferred
While the counted sands drop fast away,
Through the feverish night and the restless day,
And the reeds we lean on break, one by one,
And the sad, ungranted prayers go on.

The winds sweep over the cowering plain,
Through the creeping mist sobs the ceaseless rain;
The chill and heaviness all around,
Like a chain the aching temples bound;
Dream, fancy, sacrifice—what is it all?
Climbing, struggling, slip and fall,
Over the sea hangs the dull grey sky:—
We are so tired, my heart and I."

And that singer voices many a human plaint, the repining verses strike many responsive chords.

Is life worth living? we ask in weariness.

I have looked upon life for half a century. I have known something of its triumphs and successes, more of its failures and defeats. Its joys I have experienced and its sorrows I have sus-

tained. Yet the mystic chords of memory which bind me to my youth are still unbroken. As I can look forward and anticipate, so can I look backward and remember. This is the common lot of man. Yet my views of life have altered with the changing seasons, they have changed with the passing years.

Were life made up only of what we see and know and feel, had we nothing but experience upon which to base our estimate of it, the answer as to whether it was worth while, as to whether we wanted it to continue indefinitely might be a negative. That is the theory at any rate. In practice I have observed that while theories may be strenuously upheld the hour rarely strikes at which we are wishful to give it up. We cling to it. We have in us what we call the instinct of life. We fight for it desperately. It is not alone the "Canon of the Everlasting" that is set against self-slaughter, it is an inherency in our nature.

Of course, we can only discuss the future by the present and the past. Eternal life under past and present conditions might not seem desirable. And yet when shall the hour strike when it shall cease to be, and we shall welcome the bell? In our anger, in our grief, in our shame, in our mortification, in our bereavement, in our pain,

we sometimes cry, "Let me die!" Alienated from God, bereaved of man, the *Weltschmerz* oppresses us. Once Jesus in like condition cried out, "*My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!*" We say, "No more." In a touch we fancy that we may end it. We fondly dream that this wondrous mystery is in our own rude hands, that we may break the threads of the spinning Fates that reach back in warp and woof from creation to God and that reach out into eternity to Him again.

Idle dreams, vain thoughts, foolish speculations! Man is an immortal being, he must live on and on and on. Not only is God everlasting. The soul was not born to die. Words and deeds may be, nay, must be, eternal. The sum of energies is constant. Nothing is wasted. Transmutation is the law of life. Like God I am, like God I shall be. Therefore it concerns us not to argue as to our likes and dislikes, as to our preferences and our avoidances. We are here and we must live here. We shall be there and there we must live.

This life is a preparation. It is a progress. Compared to the longer life, the eternal life, it scarcely rises to the dignity of an episode. I have seen the bird at sea far from the friendly shore, sweep in dizzy circles over the face of

the deep and suddenly with balanced wing fall downward from the blue in long, graceful curves. It touches for a moment the breaking wave and then, rising, disappears into the illimitable sky. That second's touch is like the span of life. That ocean wide spreading, that empyrean far extending until in it even distance is lost, is like the infinite length of life eternal. There is One to whom a thousand years are but as a day, to whom one day is as a thousand years. He transcends time and its limitations. In some degree we shall share in that transcendation. And yet with full consciousness of the little space—what are threescore years and ten to the ages and ages!—this earthly life bulks very large to us. We are here, we are in it, for long or short, we have to live in it. Such are our present limitations, see we now through the glass so darkly, that for a moment it is of more importance than all the rest. We balance one age, our own, against eternity; one fate, our own, against the fate of the world; the life of the day against the life Everlasting. Such is the egotism of man!

While we are in this life we have a certain control over it and ourselves. We make a place for ourselves. Are we children of blind, irresponsible fate, without volition or determination? Not

so. Profoundly do we emphasise the freedom of our wills. In some theologies we seek to say that our place in eternity is to be decided now and by us. A cruel belief! Is it possible that God will judge me forever by to-day? Has He provided no school, bitter and hard though it may be, in which unworthy I may be further trained? Is His mercy clean gone and shut up between an open womb and an open grave! Shall men have no other chance? May I not pray for my dead? From the lowest point of view will it hurt me, will it harm them? May I not hope that somewhere, somehow, after some period, even Judas Iscariot may draw near to His Master again?

Could any one be worse than those who murdered Him? Who killed the Prince of life? When *"by wicked hands ye have crucified and slain?"* Yet Jesus in His agony prayed for them. *"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."* Did God hear that prayer from the Cross? Did He answer? Did Christ ever pray in vain? Or were those words an absolution? Were these men somewhere, some day, somehow forgiven? If not, why not? And shall not we, even though through ignorance *"we crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame,"* meet with the like mercy?

What is the one condition that makes life as

we know it supportable? It is to have something to do, something for which to work, something still to attain. The law of life is progress. Some of us may start the future higher up "on the great world's Altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God," but shall not every man's foot somehow, somewhere be planted even on the lowest stair?

"For half a century," said Victor Hugo, "I have been writing my thoughts, in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to my grave, I can say I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say that I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in twilight to open in dawn. I feel in myself the future life. My work is only beginning."

What is life without hope, without work? These are the great conditions of happiness, the categories of content. With these Heaven becomes a wished-for haven, and life the longer it extends the sweeter it grows. Is there not some place beyond in which the sorry failures may have a chance to try again? Is this heresy? It is love, it is joy, it is charity, it is kindness, it is

consideration, it is comfort. Everybody agrees that God hates the sin but loves the sinner. How could He bear to see a single human soul lost forever?

"Break through the clouds, O Easter light!
Wake up brave sense of truth and right;
Lay on the shrine of our Risen Lord
The useless talent, the broken sword;
Lay there doubts, griefs, and wants and cares,
And the erring darlings of many prayers;
From the cross on earth to the crown on high,
Let us look together, my heart and I."

I have strayed far from the quiet, cool, deliberate thought with which I began this sermon. I cannot help it nor do I greatly care. As I have talked on and on the greater thought has come to me. Christ died, we shall die; Christ lived, we shall live. *"Because I live, ye shall live also."* Ultimately we shall live with Him, yes, ultimately. And how many? All of us. Despair not, presume not, yet all of us, I say, all.

I know not when, I know not how, I know not where, but I do know why we shall all of us live. He is the Keeper of the keys of death and of hell. We are creatures of impulse, children of passion, swept by temptations, swayed by emotions. Premature in our judgment and un-

controlled in our decisions. Not under the strain of temptation but deliberately, quietly, calmly, would a normal man ever under any circumstances condemn beyond hope any human being with a divine soul to "the bitter pains of eternal death," to absolute damnation? Would you? How much better are you than God?

Reflect upon the great fact of the Incarnation. It is not the miracle of it, the wonder of it, the surprise of it, it is the fact that God knows, through Christ, not so much by the exercise of His Omnipotence, not so much by any Divine Omniscience, but by absolute personal experience, what life is. He knows men; because He was a Man: their temptations, because He was tempted: their trials, because He was tried, their struggles, because He struggled, their weaknesses, because He experienced them. He knows all the factors of heredity and environment that go to break down the human will power. He has seen the shipwreck of mankind. Do not you suppose that Judas Iscariot ever tried to be good? Do you for a moment claim that he deliberately attached himself to Christ for the purpose of betraying Him? We cannot understand the awful struggle that wrung his heart before he succumbed to that paltry bribe, but Christ knew and understood.

I am not putting humanity upon a dead level. Salvation has to be wrought out, if we cannot work it out here, we have to work it out somewhere, and work it out we must. I am only pleading for us never to deny the possibility of working it out somewhere.

What are the words with which the tremendous text begins, "Fear not." Ah, we have no fear for the tender child, for the spiritual, devoted woman, for the strong, brave man who has fought a good fight, and has done his best, when they depart from us and go hence. Let us not have any fear even for the traitor at the table, the fleeing comrades of the garden, the craven denier in the courtyard, the cursing multitude of the town, the hesitating, hand-washing judge, the railing thief on the other cross, the blaspheming High Priest in the Sanhedristic circle, the mocking bystanders on the hill, the ribald soldiers drinking and gambling at the feet of their dying God. My brethren, it has got to be that way, it must be that way, it cannot be otherwise. He died for the sinner as well as the saint, for the sinner who does not know, who does not realise, who does not understand, aye, for the sinner who will not realise and will not understand. He died for men, even for those who reject Him. The best of us is not worthy of eternal salva-

tion, the worst of us is not worthy of eternal damnation.

Look not, therefore, upon your deeds as a final determination. Dream not that there shall be, even for those who think not as we, no Resurrection. Believe not that that Resurrection shall not be to eternal life for all in the end. You can cite Scripture against me; I care not. You can give me opinions, dogmatic assertions, theological suppositions, the voice of the fathers, the decisions of councils; yet I will not believe the contrary. Not even Thou, O Lord, shalt take away my hope for men. Thou shalt not deprive me of my comfort, Thou didst live and Thou didst die. Thou art alive forevermore. Thou dost keep the keys of death and hell. I know that some day, even as Thou shalt abolish death, Thou shalt lock the door of an empty hell and throw away the useless key.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care."